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A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

COMPILED BY
OLIVE M. HARDY

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To my Husband

NEEDLESS to say, this little anthology does not aspire to be a representative collection of all that has been written on the Holy Eucharist. It has been compiled with a view to supplying in one volume thoughts which are not always accessible to the general reader. At the same time it is not intended to take the place of a manual of devotion, and much that is familiar in the way of hymns and prayers has been omitted.

O. M. H.

INTRODUCTION

THE pleasant task has been entrusted to me of adding a few words, by way of introduction, to this little Anthology of passages concerned with Eucharistic belief and devotion.

It is, of course, natural that in a selection intended primarily for members of the English Church writers of that Church should hold a principal position. But at the same time the compiler has had a far wider outlook, and has selected from many minds in many different Communions. A selection which ranges from St. Thomas Aquinas to William Cowper, from Richard Crashaw to Horatio Bonar, from A Kempis to Frederick William Myers, and from the Curé d'Ars to Matthew Arnold, can hardly be called deficient in comprehensiveness. The Eastern Church as well as the Western finds its representatives here; the Evangelical and the Anglo-Catholic are set together.

One of the obvious values of an Anthology such as this is to suggest how much devotional harmony there often is, in spite of difference of aspect and diversity of phrase. The terminology of one Communion will in parts sound strange and even repellent to the adherents of another; the doctrinal emphasis at times be hard to reconcile; yet the fact remains that all alike

have felt the fascination of the Eucharist. All alike are constrained to formulate in language what it means for them, some in poetry and some in prose. And in their united testimony to the central place which this great Sacrament holds in their thoughts and in their devotions, they are witnesses, some more perfectly and some less, to its amazing significance and perennial power.

To this Anthology each century yields its contribution. There enters into it the primitive writers, the mediæval, and the modern; the great Anglo-Catholics of the seventeenth century and the leaders of Evangelical thought. And though, doubtless, the reader may find that some of his special favourites are left out, since selection is a matter on which few minds will exactly agree, yet he will be difficult to please if he does not meet in the present compiler's careful selection much of intellectual interest and of devotional use.

W. J. Sparrow Simpson.

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All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

ISAIAH liv. 13.

From myself, O Lord, take me; and Thine alone make me.

NICHOLAS OF SAVOY.

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

I

THE INSTITUTION

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is My Body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My Blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

St. Matt. xxvi. 26.

And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave it to them, and said, Take, eat: this is My Body. And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them: and they all drank of it. And He said unto them, This is My Blood of the new testament, which is shed for many.

St. Mark xiv. 22.

And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them saying, This is My Body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of Me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in My Blood, which is shed for you.

St. Luke xxii. 19.

For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread: and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is My Body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My Blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord.

1 *Cor.* xi. 23.

These are Thy words, O Christ the eternal Truth, though not uttered all at one time, nor written together in one place. Because therefore they are Thine and true, they are all thankfully and faithfully received by me. Thine they are, and Thou hast uttered them: and they are mine also, because Thou hast spoken them for my salvation.

Imitation, lv. 1.

The greatest of all the sacraments of the Church is the Holy Communion—the greatest because it sums up in itself such an incomparable richness of spiritual meaning and force; because of the glory of the presence and gift there vouchsafed; because it perpetuates both Bethlehem and Calvary; because it evokes all the powers and faculties of the

worshipping soul; because it is commended to us as the Lord's own service—"This do in remembrance of Me." As we read the four accounts of its institution its elementary meaning becomes plainly intelligible. At the Last Supper with His disciples, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave it to them, saying, "Take, eat: this is My Body"; and they all partook of the one bread. And He took the cup, and blessed it, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the new covenant which is poured out for you, for the remission of sins." And they all drank of the one cup. This simple ceremony speaks for itself. It means sharing together: and that in which they are to share together is He Himself, Whose Body was broken and Whose Blood was shed to redeem them. When our Lord said, "Do this in remembrance of Me," and so made this speaking ceremony the central sacrament of His religion, He must have meant that the communion (or sharing together) of all His people in Him, Who died for them, was to be the governing idea.

BISHOP GORE, *Religion of the Church.*

PANGE LINGUA

Of the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the world's eternal King,
In a noble womb once dwelling
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, for us descending,
Of a virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered He the Gospel seed,
Till His sojourn drew to ending,
Which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great supper lying
Circled by His brethren's band,
Meekly with the law complying,
First He finished its command,
Then, immortal Food supplying,
Gave himself with His own hand.

Word made Flesh, by word He maketh
Very bread His Flesh to be ;
Man in wine Christ's Blood partaketh :
And if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the mystery.

Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere ;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here ;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes the inward vision clear.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227–74

Since the Fall, men had become incapable of offering to God of themselves the right and proper sacrifice, namely, their own persons. Since their persons had been defiled by sin, and a separation brought about between God and man, all sacrifices were essentially insufficient, they "could not cleanse the conscience," they only pointed to the offering of a future sacrifice, from which they derived their light, their strength, and their meaning. But now He, in Whom was realised the idealof humanity, was to accomplish the one great sacrifice, all-sufficient for time and eternity, by freely giving His Life for the whole race of whom He had made Himself a member: and by at once disclosing and repairing the defectiveness of all previous sacrifices, to put His own in their place. As the Passover was a feast of life and deliverance to the people, a meal at which the people exhibited and ratified their communion with God and rejoiced in it, so was this transfigured Passover to be to them the sacrificial feast of the New Testament, wherein the faithful, by feeding on His Body, would be brought into substantial communion with the great Sacrifice, would receive remission of their sins, be cleansed and sanctified, and united as members to the body of which Christ is the Head, and thus be able to offer themselves as a sacrifice to their reconciled God.

When He blessed the Bread and Wine, His eye was fixed on His approaching death upon the Cross on the morrow, and on the whole course of earthly time, and the development of the human race. His priesthood, which He

began with His assumption of human nature, was not to terminate and be laid aside, with one act of sacrifice once offered; He meant to exercise it continually in the world above before the Father, and here below through human representatives, who under the veil of bread and wine were to offer Himself, His glorified Body, His Spiritualised Blood, and with Him those who fed upon Him, as the uninterrupted offering of the Church constantly realising itself yet ever one and the same.... Thus were the altars of His Church for the future to be one with the Cross, the same Body, the same Sacrifice here as there, one great and single offering, not repeated, but extended in time to be co-extensive with the duration of His Church; this was the one oblation truly worthy of the Divine Majesty and the solemn worship of the New Covenant, which would not be less but far more real in His Church than that preparatory and typical system of sacrifices and ceremonies administered hitherto by the sons of Aaron. . . .

So did He attain in the simplest manner the double object of giving to His Church a continual sacrifice and a centre-point of common worship, and at the same time of giving to believers a food which would convey to the whole man, body and soul, the benediction and sanctifying power of His own Humanity and plant in them the germs of future immortality. . . .

Thus the Eucharist was the fulfilment of what He had begun in the Incarnation, and thus He provided for the incorporation of the

Church in all future generations, so that it might continually be able to appear before God as an acceptable sacrifice, being inseparably united to Himself.

DÖLLINGER, *The First Age of Christianity and the Church.*

The Apostle, who alone records our Lord's discourse on the principles and facts which underlie the Eucharist, makes no allusion to its actual institution. The Gospels which record it (the institution) report no preparatory teaching on the subject; while the account in St. Luke is in close connexion with St. Paul's narrative in 1 Cor. xi. For St. Luke alone contains by implication that command to repeat the Sacrament which forms so prominent a feature in St. Paul's account. (St. Luke xxii. 19. As Plummer points out, ποιεῖτε is the present imperative, "continually do this to bring Me to mind.") If it could be proved that St. Luke borrowed from St. Paul, we should have to admit that the Sacrament, as an institution of the Church of perpetual obligation, depends for its sanction on a record which is not the original account of our Lord's acts and words at the Last Supper. St. Paul received his own information on the subject "from the Lord"; but the earliest form of the tradition is that which is contained in the two first Gospels, and it proceeds from the preaching of St. Peter as recorded by St. Mark. This account contains no command of perpetuation. How did it come about that, from the first days of the Pentecostal Church,

the Sacrament was an integral part of the life of the disciples? There was never any hesitation as to its being an ordinance of continual obligation. The meetings of the First Day of the week were held for the purpose of its celebration. The Church of the Holy Spirit was never without its Eucharist. The omission of the command of perpetual observance in St. Mark and through him in St. Matthew is one of the most difficult problems which the New Testament presents to us. But parallel with this omission we have, through St. Paul and St. Luke, the assurance that the primitive community had authority "from the Lord" to practise the rite.

Dr. C. F. Nolloth, *The Rise of the Christian Religion.*

Most blessed Vine!
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But Thy fair branches felt as blood;

How wert Thou pressed
To be my feast!
In what deep anguish
Didst Thou languish,
What springs of sweat and blood did drown
Thee!

How in one path
Did the full wrath
Of Thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling Thy griefs, when none would own
Thee!

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1622–1695.

It is the greatest solemnity of prayer, the most powerful liturgy and means of impetration in this world. For when Christ was consecrated on the Cross and became our High Priest, having reconciled us to God by the death of the Cross, He became infinitely gracious in the eyes of God, and was admitted to the celestial and eternal priesthood in Heaven; where in the virtue of the Cross He intercedes for us, and represents an eternal sacrifice in the Heavens on our behalf. That He is a priest in Heaven appears in the large discourses and direct affirmatives of St. Paul; that there is no other sacrifice to be offered but that on the Cross, it is evident, because "He hath but once appeared in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself"; and therefore it is necessary that He hath something to offer so long as He is a priest, and there is no other sacrifice but that of Himself offered upon the Cross; it follows that Christ in Heaven perpetually offers and represents that sacrifice to His Heavenly Father, and in virtue of that obtains all good things for His Church. Now what Christ does in Heaven, He hath commanded us to do on

earth, that is, to represent His death, to commemorate this sacrifice, by humble prayer and thankful record; and by faithful manifestation and joyful Eucharist to lay it before the eyes of our Heavenly Father, so ministering in His priesthood, and doing according to His commandment and His example; the Church being the image of Heaven, the priest the minister of Christ; the holy table being a copy of the celestial altar, and the eternal sacrifice of the Lamb, slain from the beginning of the world, being always the same; it bleeds no more after the finishing of it on the Cross, but it is wonderfully represented in Heaven, and graciously represented here: by Christ's action there, by His commandment here. . . . And, therefore, it was not without great mystery and clear signification that our blessed Lord was pleased to command the representation of His death and sacrifice on the Cross should be made by breaking bread and effusion of wine; to signify to us the nature and sacredness of the liturgy we are about, and that we minister in the priesthood of Christ, Who is "a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec"—that is, we are ministers in that unchangeable priesthood, imitating the external ministry the prototype Melchisedec, by whom it was said "he brought forth bread and wine and was the priest of the most high God"; and in the internal, imitating the antitype or the substance, Christ Himself, Who offered up His body and blood for atonement for us, and by the sacraments of bread and wine, and the prayers of oblation and intercession

commands us to officiate in His priesthood, in the external ministering like Melchisedec; in the internal after the manner of Christ Himself.

JEREMY TAYLOR, *The Worthy Communicant.*

The act of consecration which first took place in the Upper Chamber is renewed again and again, as living, as life-giving, as ever in every fresh commemoration. The same supernatural Presence is before us again and again as real and true as when first vouchsafed in the "same night in which He was betrayed." The same Offering is renewed again and again with unceasing efficacy. The same Gift is bestowed. Each fresh Eucharist is not merely a commemoration; it is rather a continuation, a renewed, perpetual manifestation in the very same order of supernatural life, of the vivid truth, of the same mysterious action by the same Hand of the same Lord, Himself still actively present, still ministering, in the midst of us. . . . The Holy Eucharist is the consummation on earth of all the mysteries of our Lord's previous life, the fulfilment of the progressive events of the whole dispensation of the Incarnation. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament was the gathering up, and closing, as to our earthly state, of all His purposes in coming; for He came to impart Himself to us. His suffering in our nature, His glorification in our nature, had for this their proper end—His own repose in actual

personal Presence in His own mystical Body of which we are members, and therefore in ourselves. . . .

Through this mystery our Lord accomplishes His purpose of bringing us into union with Himself, and with the Father also in Himself. Whatever had gone before in His life or sufferings, had its accomplishment in this realisation of the desired union of the Divine and human natures, of the Creator and the creature, perpetuated and sealed in the Blessed Sacrament.

Canon CARTER, *The Holy Eucharist.*

Our Passover for us is slain,
The tokens of His death remain,
On these authentic signs imprest:
By Jesus out of Egypt led,
Still on the paschal Lamb we feed,
And keep the sacramental feast.

That arm which smote the parting sea
Is still stretch'd out for us, for me;
The Angel-God is still our guide,
And lest we in the desert faint,
We find our spirit's every want
By constant miracle supplied.

Thy flesh for our support is given,
Thou art the Bread sent down from heaven,
That all mankind by Thee may live;
O that we evermore may prove
The manna of Thy quickening love,
And all Thy life of grace receive!

Nourish us to that awful day
When types and veils shall pass away,
And perfect grace in glory end ;
Us for the marriage-feast prepare,
Unfurl Thy banner in the air,
And bid Thy saints to Heaven ascend.

CHARLES WESLEY.

You behold our Blessed Saviour at the point where two epochs meet. That night the ancient law was to cease. That night the long period of preparation, of hope, of prophecy, of instruction which had lasted from the Egyptian exodus to that hour, was to end. . . . The great sacrifice once for all was to be accomplished. To-morrow the Lamb that was foretold from the beginning of time and from eternity, was to offer that to the Eternal Father which would make for ever all other offerings superfluous. But at that last moment of intercourse with His chosen ones, our Lord was most certainly thinking of something else than His own Passion. The awful sacrifice of that Friday was to last long, but it was to be over in a few hours. Jesus is looking forward into the vast and dark future ; the future with its generations and millions of souls, not one of whom was to witness what was to pass on Calvary ; not one of whom was ever to look upon their Saviour in the flesh. What were these to have ? How were these to carry on their worship ? How were they to make sure of the grace that was to save them ? Was the Incarnation to be nothing but a history ? Was the Cross to be only a memory ?

Conceivably, it might have been so. The very record of that life and passion would have left the human race for ever richer; and the abundant grace purchased by the Blood of Christ would have been there for every soul, had there been neither a Church nor any visible dispensation. But practically the salvation of the future human millions required, besides an indefectible teaching Church, a dispensation of perpetual and public worship, and the continual renewal, tangible and impressive, of the out-pouring of Calvary. Only thus could men in great numbers be saved.

. . . . It was therefore with the coming centuries in view that our Blessed Lord said, "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you," because it was to be the occasion of the establishment of the New Covenant, with a worship, and rites and ordinances, fitted to keep men up to the level of such a stupendous divine interference as the Incarnation and the Passion. It was with the profoundest knowledge of men's frame that He said they should receive His grace and His Life by eating His Flesh. He foresaw the daily Mass, the innumerable Communions, and the never-failing, universal, always growing Christian cultus of the Blessed Sacrament. And it was with that intention and desire that He said to His Apostles, and through them to the long generations of the Catholic priesthood, united to the faithful laity, "Do this in memory of Me!" For the Eucharistic gift is the perpetual memorial of Jesus Christ the Saviour; but a memorial which is the most powerful of all

memorials, for in It men have His own Flesh and Blood, Soul and Divinity, to rouse them, to touch them, to win them, to heal them, day by day, so that every man may have life everlasting within the most easy reach. The stupendous miracle of the Real Presence is not too great a miracle to effect such a purpose as this.

Bishop Hedley, *The Holy Eucharist.*

The Upper Room

The feast of sweet bread now was hard at hand,
And spotless paschal lambs were marked to die:
When Christ's disciples came to understand
Their Master's will in this solemnity;
"Where wilt Thou," say they, "we prepare for Thee
The Passover, that now must eaten be?"

Straight blessèd Peter, readiest to obey,
And John, whom Jesus always held most dear,
Are called for, and sent without delay,
To make provision for this heavenly cheer;
Receiving by their Lord's directing care,
A sign that showed them where they should prepare.

"You two," saith Christ, "shall now this task begin
At yonder town, where you shall surely meet
A man, all soon as you are entered in,
Bearing a pot of water through the street;
Him follow, wheresoever he doth go,
What house he enters, enter you also.

"Ask of the owner for some place where I,
With My disciples may this supper eat;
And he, I know, will show you by and by
A parlour room, well pavèd, fair and great,
Which will be fit; make ready there for Me,
For there shall this last supper eaten be."

O happy feast held by a heavenly King,
Where bread of life with bounty was bestowed:
No more a type, but now a figured thing,
True rock, whence pure sin-cleansing waters flowed:
Sweet antidote, whose virtue sets man free
From deadly surfeit of forbidden tree.

JOHN BULLOKAR.

Ah, what awe, what amazement greeted that Divine innovation! Startling indeed must it have been to those who reclined at the board. What was this! It was no part of the ceremony for which they had prepared. It was no part of any previous Passover. Here was a New Thing. They were to eat, believing what He said. Slowly to their astonished minds came the memory of the bridal feast at Cana where, at the beginning of His Ministry, He had changed water into wine; and the quiet waters of the lake beside which He had multiplied the loaves, and uttered those mysterious teachings about His Flesh which He would give for the life of the world. Here was the consummation! . . . Now in this upper room the words of eternal life were fulfilled. "This is

My Body." No scepticism marred their adoring trust. They might forsake Him, they might deny Him. They might prove doubtful concerning His Resurrection—for they were human as we are, otherwise He never would have loved them as He did—but *Him* they did not doubt. They believed implicitly because they loved entirely. And here, too, we see the amazing triumph of the brief Ministry of Jesus! He won eleven men to so close an attachment of His Person that He could commit to their keeping His own miraculous Body and Blood. In such a manner "having loved His own, He loved them to the uttermost." Having given Himself *for* them from the foundation of the world, He gave Himself *to* them as His hour approached in order that they might rightly understand the mystery of the Person at once in Heaven and on earth.

T. J. HARDY, *The Vision of the Catholic Church.*

O Lord God, hear my prayers, I come to Thee in a steadfast faith: yet for the clearness of my faith, Lord, enlighten it: for the strength of my faith, Lord, increase it. And, behold, I quarrel not the words of Thy Son my Saviour's blessed institution, I know His words are no unnatural conceit, but they are spirit and life, and supernatural. While the world disputes, I believe. He hath promised me, if I come worthily, that I shall receive His most precious Body and Blood, with all the benefits of His passion. If I can receive it and retain it (Lord, make me able, make me worthy), I

know I can no more die eternally, than that Body and Blood can die, and be shed again. My Saviour is willing in this tender of them both unto me: Lord, so wash and cleanse my soul that I may now, and at all times else, come prepared by hearty prayers and devotion, and be made worthy by Thy grace of this infinite blessing, the pledge and earnest of eternal life, in the merits of the same Jesus Christ, Who gave His Body and Blood for me. Amen.

Archbishop Laud, 1573–1645.

II

CHRIST PRESENT

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

St. Matt. xxviii. 20.

When Jesus is present, all is good and nothing seems difficult, but when Jesus is absent all is hard.

When Jesus speaketh not inwardly to us, all other comfort is nothing worth: but if Jesus speak one word, we feel great comfort. He that findeth Jesus findeth a great Treasure, yea a good above all.

Imitation, ii. 8.

The Cup of Blessing which we bless, is it not the communion (κοινωνία) of the Blood of Christ? The Bread which we break, is it not the communion (κοινωνία) of the Body of Christ?

1 *Cor.* x. 16.

Yet there is nothing but One here, but that One is all things to the believing soul.

Abp. Leighton.

A Morning Salutation to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament

Hail, Thou Author of our creation !
Hail, Thou price of our redemption !
Hail, Thou Who art our support during our pilgrimage !
Hail, O Reward of our expectation !
Be Thou our Joy Who art to be our Meed.
Our glory be in Thee through endless time.
Abide with us, O Lord ; Remove dark night ;
Wash off all guilt, Grant godly balm.
Glory to Thee, O Lord, Thou Virgin's Son.

This Food is known among us as the Eucharist. . . . We do not receive these things as common bread and common drink ; but as Jesus Christ our Saviour, being made flesh by (as ?) the Word of God, had both flesh and blood for our salvation, so we have been taught that the Food over which thanks have been given (εὐχαριστηθεῖσαν), through prayer in His words, and from which our blood and flesh are nourished in such a way as to be changed, are the Flesh and Blood of that Jesus Who was made flesh.

Justin Martyr, *Apology*, i. 66. (The earliest account we possess of the Eucharistic celebration among primitive Christians.)

Of the Blessed Sacrament of the Aulter

The angells' eyes, whom veyles cannot deceive
Might best disclose that best they do desceme ;
Men must with sounde and silent faith receive
More than they can by sence or reason lerne ;
God's poure our proofes, His workes our witt
exceede,
The doer's might is reason of His deede.

The God of hoastes in slender hoste doth dwell,
Yea, God and man with all to ether dewe,
That God that rules the heavens and rifled hell,
That man whose death did us to life renewe :
That God and man that is the angell's blisse,
In forme of bredd and wyne our nurture is.

Whole may His body be in smallest breadd,
Whole in the whole, yea whole in every crumme :
With which be one or be tenn thowsand fedd ;
All to each one, to all but one doth cumme :
And though ech one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, nor all too little have.

God present is at once in every place,
Yett God in every place is ever one ;
So may there be by giftes of ghostly grace,
One man in many roomes, yett filling none.
Sith angells may effects of bodyes shewe,
God angell's giftes on bodyes may bestowe.

Robert Southwell, 1561–1595.

The joy of the Eucharist, apart from the joy of common worship, is of more than one kind. Men may say what they like about

needing a religion everywhere intelligible, and I do not deny the efforts, nowhere greater than in so grand an upholder of the Eucharist as St. Thomas, to put the whole Catholic faith into a coherent system. Still there remains in the religious mind an irreducible sense of mystery. No religion without mystery will long hold the allegiance of men. . . . The sense of the mystery of life—of ourselves, of any single fact—is overwhelming. Science does not remove it, science describes but does not explain. . . . "*Omnia exeunt in mysterium*," said the old adage, and the joy of the Eucharist is that it keeps ever alive this sense of wonder, and gives us the right to cry, *O altitudo*. It gives us the outward and visible presentment, that sense of the depth and height and length of the Love of Jesus, which passes knowledge. As we revere that strange humility of God which permits us to adore Jesus present in the Sacrament of the Altar, we are more and not less able than before to see God in every hue and sound of nature, and feel Him in every breath of air. Thus mystery does but focus and concentrate our wonder. It prevents that most precious gift from fading in the light of common day.

Secondly, there is the joy of *rest*. We have come home. As we kneel before the altar, knowing that here indeed we have *Emmanuel*, we have the sense that we are at rest. Rest does not come from inaction, and is often contrary thereto. The sense of rest belongs to one who feels that he is in harmony with what is. The storms of the world, and the anxieties of the mind, and the distracting irritation of sin, and the pressure of temptation,

and the fever of thought, and the whirring of the machinery of this life, both inward and outward, may go on, but they are superficial. He is at peace and his mind is stayed on God, and, though the base of his life may rock, the life itself is secure.

Lastly, we have the joy of *faith*. To many in this age of doubt and denial the Eucharist has that chief joy. The sense that here is the very centre of opposition makes them the more courageous to stand by it. The impugners of the supernatural can never be brought to faith in sacramental religion, though with pious phrases some may honour it as a symbol of the sanctity of all things, or as a venerable monument of historic faith. But we know that at bottom they deride us, and so, like a soldier laughing at the foe, we cling with the *élan* of faith to the blessed fact. We have perchance a feeling somewhat akin to that of the early martyrs, who stood for faith the more boldly though all the world poured scorn. Only this joy needs control, or we may use it merely in pride, and plume ourselves on imagined superiority. We are right to have this joy, but we need it to deepen our own faith. If we use it merely to fling defiance at our foes, we are taking the means for the end, and are like to lose the very faith we so delight in. Faith must be deepened and made more serene by the Eucharist. Let us then have our joy in the Blessed Sacrament, a joy of wonder, a joy of home-coming, a joy of courageous adventure, but let us above all keep the feast in the spirit of quiet. Not the music, not the incense, not the light, nor all the *decor* express so fully the

joy that is ours, as the *hush* before the Blessed Sacrament. Only as we live in the spirit of silent awe can we have the joy about us always or take it into all our outside actions and keep it in all our troubles like that purest of knights, Sir Galahad. . . . You and I know of many such knights to-day, their life is more like that of Galahad than a little while ago we would have dreamed. As we pray for them, some of whom know not this mystery, let us pray that the joy of the Eucharist may unite us, and that its glory may dawn on some who do not see it yet.

J. N. Figgis, *Hopes for English Religion.*

"Apparition"

How shall I find Him, who can be my guide ?
Wears He a human form, or tear-marred face,
By blood-red raiment may He be descried,
Or broods He far withdrawn through stellar space ?
Perchance, informing all, His coils entwine
And bind the monstrous fabric cell to cell,
Or, veiled in service, 'neath this Bread and Wine
A homely God, He deigns with men to dwell.
Lo ! just beyond the skyline He may stand,
Speak just without the waftage of mine ear,
I all but touch Him with my outstretched hand,
Clear to my senses He may straight appear.

I hush my drumming heart, I stay my breath
To catch His step, to hearken what He saith.

Eugene Mason.

In the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar we have something which we cannot harm. It is "the one thing absolutely perfect." No meanness of service can diminish its glory, no ice of ours can chill that fare of love; wherever the Blessed Sacrament is, there is Heaven, for there is God Himself. . . . So in the adorable Sacrament we are come to "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels." All the Hosts of Heaven are there, and all the Blessed Saints, the holy Mother of the Lord, and St. John His friend, St. Peter and the apostolic band; martyrs and confessors and doctors, kings and queens who were the slaves of Christ, slaves who were His freemen and princes; virgins who for love of the Lord died to the world that they might serve Him without distraction; men and women who have watched in prayer; all the Saints in their glory and their beauty are gathered round the Altar. For though there seem to the natural man to be many altars, yet indeed there is but one. We are passed with Christ into the Heavenly Place, we are before the great white Throne. See then, happy soul, and rejoice in the riches which God gives thee; the Mirror and the Vision—face to face with God—for which thou longest with such throbbing of desire. It is not apprehension that thou lackest, but comprehension. Thou hast all, save that thou dost hold it veiled, that faith may be perfected.

FLORA ABIGAIL MACLEOD, *The Riches of the House of God.*

"Where the Blessed Feet have Trod"

Not alone in Palestine those blessed Feet have
trod,
For I catch their print,
I have seen their dint
On a plot of chalky ground,
Little villas dotted round;
On a sea-worn waste,
Where a priest, in haste,
Passeth with the Blessed Sacrament to one
dying, frail,
Through the yarrow, past the tamarisk, and the
plaited snail:
Bright upon the grass I see
Bleeding Feet of Calvary—
And I worship, and I clasp them round!
On this bit of chalky, English ground,
Jesu, Thou art found: my God I hail,
My Lord, my God!

Michael Field.

He saith to them: "Do this continually in remembrance of Me." It was very needful and right that this should be. For if the perpetual participation of the Mysteries had not been given, whence should those who came afterwards know the Redemption of Christ? And who would be able to persuade them or bring them to knowledge? for it is difficult oftentimes and to many to be believed. Besides, the faithful afterwards would have been defrauded of the Communion of the Body and Blood, but now as often as we approach to the Body and Blood, and take It in our hands, we believe that we embrace the Body, and that

we are of His Flesh and His Bones, as it is written. For Christ did not call It a type and a likeness, but that in truth "This is My Body, and This is My Blood."

ST. MARUTHAS, *Bishop of Tagrit before* A.D. 381.

Why should we think it a strange thing to worship our redeeming Lord wherever He says that He is to be found? We do not think that we are localising the Infinite God if we conceive of Him in space, and adore Him in the highest heavens. Yet He comprehends the heavens, not they Him, the Infinite. We do not think that we are tying down our Lord's Divine Nature if we believe that He, our Lord and God is, as He promised, specially present where two or three are gathered together in His Name, in our Church or in the mountains and caves and dens of the earth, in the prison house, or in the Catacombs. We think it no derogation to Him, the Infinite God, that He did not abhor the Virgin's womb, or that He lay in the manger among the brute cattle or was bound in swaddling clothes. Believing as we believe, we should, with the Magi, have fallen down and worshipped the speechless Infant, knowing Him to be God the Word. We should have thought His raiment as Man no hindrance to our adoring Him. Why then should we think it a strange thing for His marvellous condescension, that He should now give us His Blessed Body and Blood under the form of bread and wine? Or should His Body

which He gives us not be His life-giving, living Body? Or should His life-giving Body be apart from His Godhead, which makes it life-giving? Or since His Godhead is present there, should we not adore? We do not adore the Sacrament, as when upon earth we should not have adored His raiment, even altho' the touch of it conveyed the hidden virtue from Him, the Source of life and healing. But Himself, wheresoever or howsoever He is present, we are bound to adore. Our duty to Him as His creatures, our love to Him as our Redeemer, our hopes in Him as our Deliverer from wrath to come, constrain us to worship Him, to plead with Him, with our whole heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.

E. B. PUSEY, *Prayers, Penitence and Holy Communion.*

Love doth the whole and not the part desire,
My Lord so doth Thy love require,
  And such is my heart's cry for Thee
Thus love by Love shall mount yet higher,
  All mine—all Thine—the bond shall be.
O Love! my guilty soul o'erflowing,
O Grace Thy mighty power bestowing,
  Hold fast to me Thy pledged friend;
My hold slips off when storms are blowing
  Let Thy Hand grasp me to the end.

Let no strange hand disturb or move me,
Close at Thy Side, Lord, keep me, love me,
  Deep in my heart, Lord, dwell and shine
Now Thou and I—with no third nigh
  The bond shall be all mine—all Thine.

ANON.

Christianity has to reckon with time. It is of all religions the religion for which history is most momentous. It is the religion of the continuous line. What happened in Judæa 1,900 years ago is still happening to-day for the Christian—God incarnate, dying, rising—and it has always been happening ever since it happened. It is present in each present; it is the cardinal essence of every present. The past still present in the present, and therefore never past at all—this is the Christian belief. We sing of Time as an ever rolling stream that bears its sons away. But to the Christian time is not a stream; it is a continuous wire charged with a current running backward and forward. . . . There is no other religion that has an happening in time for its eternal present.

ERNEST BARKER, "History and Religion," *Theology*, July, 1922.

Tell us, tell us, holy shepherds,
What at Bethlehem you saw,—
"Very God of Very God
Asleep amid the straw."

Tell us, tell us, all ye faithful,
What this morning came to pass
At the awful elevation
In the Canon of the Mass.—
"Very God of Very God,
By Whom the worlds were made,
In silence and in helplessness
Upon the altar laid,"

Tell us, tell us, wondrous Jesu,
What has drawn Thee from above
To the manger and the altar.—
All the silence answers—Love.

II

Through the roaring streets of London
Thou art passing, hidden Lord,
Uncreated, Consubstantial,
In the seventh heaven adored.

As of old the ever-Virgin
Through unconscious Bethlehem
Bore Thee, not in glad procession,
Jewelled robe or diadem ;
Not in pomp and not in power,
Onward to Nativity,
Shrined but in the tabernacle
Of her sweet Virginity.

Still Thou goest by in silence,
Still the world cannot receive,
Still the poor and weak and weary
Only, worship and believe.

DIGBY DOLBEN.

If we had the eyes of angels with which to see our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is here present on this altar, and Who is looking at us, how we should love Him ! We should never wish to part from Him, we should wish to remain always at His feet ; it would be a foretaste of Heaven ; all else would become insipid to

us. But see, it is faith we want. We are poor blind people, we have a mist before our eyes. Faith alone can dispel this mist. Presently my children, when I shall hold our Lord in my hands, when the good God blesses you, ask Him then to open the eyes of your heart; say to Him like the blind man of Jericho, "O Lord make me see." If you say to Him sincerely, "Make me see," you will certainly obtain your desire, because He wishes nothing but your happiness. He has His hands full of graces, seeking to whom to distribute them; alas! and no one will have them. . . . Oh, indifference! Oh, ingratitude! My children, we are most unhappy that we do not understand these things! We shall understand them one day, but then it will be too late! . . . Our Lord has said, Whatever you shall ask in My name the Father will give you. We should never have thought of asking for God to give us His own Son. But God has done what no man could have imagined. What man cannot express or conceive, and what he never would have dared to desire, God in His love has said, has conceived, has executed. Should we ever have dared to ask God to put His Son to death for us, to give us His Flesh to eat and His Blood to drink? If all this were not true, then man might have imagined things that God cannot do, he would have gone further than God in inventions of love! That is impossible.

Without the Holy Eucharist there would be no happiness in this world; life would be insupportable. When we receive the Holy Communion we receive our joy and happiness.

The good God wishing to give Himself to us in this Sacrament of His love, gave us a vast and great desire, which He alone can satisfy. In the presence of this beautiful Sacrament we are like a person dying of thirst by the side of a river—he would only need to bend his head; . . . like a person still remaining poor close to a great treasure—he need only stretch out his hand.

He who communicates loses himself in God like a drop of water in the ocean. They can no more be separated.

When we have just communicated, if we were asked, "What are you carrying away to your home?" we might answer, "I am carrying away Heaven." A saint said that we were Christ-bearers. It is very true, but we have not enough faith. We do not comprehend our dignity. When we leave the holy banquet, we are as happy as the Wise Men would have been if they could have carried away the Infant Jesus.

When we have the good God in our heart it ought to be very burning. The heart of the disciples at Emmaus burnt within them from merely listening to His Voice.

I do not like people to begin to read directly they come from the holy table. Oh, no! what is the use of words of men when God is speaking? We must do like one who is very curious and listens at the door. We must listen to all that God says at the door of our heart.

Curé D'Ars.

The Mystery of Light

Souls there be to whom 'tis given
Easily to enter Heaven ;
Scarce an effort on their part,
Without struggle, prayer, or art ;
Sometimes utterly unknowing
Why such glory should be showing ;
Wondering what the reason is
Of the inflaming ecstasies
That Christ giveth unto His.

Some in that rapt state elysian
Are accorded richer vision ;
Watch the thronging angels pass
To a high celestial Mass ;
See a veiled, flaming centre,
See a Great High Priest there enter,
Whence a Host He lifteth up
And a crimson-brimming Cup
Which He bids all eat and sup.

Such things simple souls and holy
Often know, whilst men less lowly
Beat the breast and bend the brain
In their labour to attain ;
Till from Heaven, tired of crying,
They will turn, all Heaven denying ;
Seeking ways of lesser bliss
Which in His large mysteries,
Christ denieth not to His.

Let not me, who have no mission
Yet to see the shining Vision,
E'er forget that night and day
Are His strange vicarious way ;
He by one prepares the other,
Glooming me to light my brother.
May I ever blinded be
If my disability
Help my fellow-man to see.

In this night of my unknowing
His symbol-light shall be my showing.
I'll know that at the rise of sun
High Mass, for all, in Heaven's begun ;
That when at noon-tide height it lingers
Christ lifts the Host in His pierc'd fingers ;
And at its setting it shall tell
How He descendeth, loving well,
Even to me, His child in hell.

WALTER LESLIE WILMSHURST.

Thyself, my God, I love, for Thyself, above all things. For Thyself I long. Thyself I desire as a final end. Thyself, for Thyself, not for aught else, I always and in all things hitherto seek. With my heart and whole strength, with groaning and weeping, with continual labour and grief. What therefore wilt Thou give me as my final end ? If Thou dost not bestow on me Thyself, Thou bestowest on me nothing. If Thou dost not give me Thyself Thou givest me nothing. Thou dost

not then reward me, but torture me. For even before that I sought Thee, I hoped to hold and possess Thee at last. And with this honeyed hope, I was sweetly consoled in all my labours. But now, if Thou deniest me Thyself, and that for ever, and not for a season, whatever else Thou shalt give me, shall I not always languish with love, mourn with languishing, grieve with mourning, weep with grieving, because I shall ever remain void and empty? Shall I not mourn inconsolably? complain unceasingly? grieve interminably? This is not Thy wont, God of goodness, clemency and love: it is in no wise fitting, in no point seemly. Grant, therefore, O my gracious God, that in the present life I may ever love Thyself, for Thyself, above all things; and in the future world may find Thee and hold Thee for ever. Amen.

THOMAS BRADWARDINE, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Why should it be wonderful if God Himself, the Creator of all things visible and invisible, transforms bread and wine into His own most pure Body and His own most pure Blood? In these—in the bread and wine—the Son of God does not become again Incarnate, for He was already once Incarnate, and this is sufficient unto endless ages; but He is Incarnate in the very same flesh in which He was before Incarnate, in the same manner as He multiplied the five loaves and fed with these five loaves several thousands of people. There are a great many mysteries in nature which my mind

cannot grasp, although they have concrete forms, yet they exist, with their mysteries. So also, in this Sacrament of the life-giving Body and Blood, it is a great mystery for me how the bread and wine are made into the Body and Blood of the Lord Himself! but the mystery of the Body and Blood really exists although it is incomprehensible to me. My Creator (I am only His clay, for God formed me of flesh and blood and endued me with a spirit), as the most wise, the infinitely Almighty God, has innumerable mysteries: I myself am a mystery, as the work of His hands. For my soul there is the Spirit of the Lord, and for my soul and body there are His Body and Blood.

Father John Sergieff, *Thoughts and Counsels.*

Lord, at this moment Thou art surely here,
And I Thy Presence feel;
I feel Thy pitying Eye rest on my head,
I hear Thy gentle Footsteps near me tread,
And at Thy Feet I kneel.

I kneel; I tell Thee all my inmost woe,
Tell of a load of sin;
I ask Thy Mercy, Pardon, and Relief;
I show Thee all my bitter, bitter grief,
The deep distress within.

I count my years to Thee a wasted life,
With so much left undone;
It looks so sad—now that Thyself art near,
Thy Human Life shines out so pure and clear,
And mine in sin has run.

Lord, while I see Thy Wounds I feel it all
Too much for mé to bear ;
I need to draw new life in every breath ;
I need a rescue in the hour of death,
And One my griefs to share.

And while I lay this sadness at Thy Feet,
I feel Thee nearing me—
Stretch forth Thy Hand—I know Thy healing Voice,
It makes this weary, mournful heart rejoice,
And draws me nearer Thee.

Nearer and nearer still ; offers Thyself
In wondrous Mystery ;
Unites me with Thee, and Thyself with me,
In sorrow, joy through life, through death to be
Thine in Eternity.

Lyra Eucharistica.

III

THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE

The Sacrifice

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.

St. John xii. 23.

As I of Mine own will did offer up Myself unto God the Father for thy sins, my Hands stretched out on the Cross, My Body stripped bare so that nothing remained in Me that was not turned wholly into a sacrifice of divine propitiation; in like manner thou oughtest also to offer thyself willingly unto Me every day in the Mass, as a pure and sacred oblation, with all thy powers and affections, unto the utmost strength of thy soul.

Imitation, iv. 8.

For when thou seest the Lamb sacrificed and made ready—thou beholdest the Lamb slain, if the whole night through thou couldest look on this Sacrifice, tell me shouldest thou have too much of it? Consider What it is that lieth before thee, and what caused it. He was slain for thy sake, and thou neglectest to see Him sacrificed. It is blood, the very Blood

which blotted out the handwriting of our sins, the Blood which cleansed thy soul, which washed away the stain, which triumphed over the principalities and powers.

St. Chrysostom.

Of His own holy Flesh He hath granted us our fill; He hath set before us Himself sacrificed.

St. Chrysostom.

For when thou seest the Lord sacrificed, and lying, and the priest standing over the sacrifice, and praying over it, and all present reddened by that precious Blood, dost thou still think thou art among men, and standing upon earth, and wilt thou not be at once translated into Heaven, and casting forth from thy soul every carnal thought, gaze around thee on the things that are in Heaven with a naked soul and a pure mind? Oh, the wonder! Oh, the love of God to man! He that sitteth on high is held in that hour in the hands of all, and He gives Himself to those that desire to embrace and receive Him. But all do this through the eyes of faith.

St. Chrysostom.

And indeed of old, my beloved, the mystery of the Passover was by the law mystically celebrated in Egypt, but symbolically it was signified by means of the immolation of the Lamb. But now by the Gospel we spiritually

celebrate the resurrection festival of the Passover. There, indeed, a sheep from the flock was sacrificed according to the law, but here Christ Himself, the Lamb of God, is offered up. There is a sheep from the fold, but here instead of a sheep the Good Shepherd Who laid down His Life for the sheep. There a sign of the sprinkled blood of an irrational creature was the safeguard of a whole people, but here Christ's precious Blood is poured out for the salvation of the world, that we may receive remission of our sins.

St. Proclus.

The celebration of the Holy Sacrament is the great mysteriousness of the Christian religion, and succeeds to the most solemn rite of natural and Judaical religion, the law of sacrificing. For God spared mankind, and took the sacrifice of beasts, together with our solemn prayers, for an instrument of expiation. But these could not purify the soul from sin, but were typical of the sacrifice of something that could. But nothing could do this but either the offering of all that sinned, that every man should be the *anathema* or *devoted thing*; or else by some one of the same capacity, who by some superadded excellency might in his own personal sufferings have a value great enough to satisfy for all the whole kind of sinning persons. This the Son of God, Jesus Christ, God and Man, undertook, and finished by a sacrifice of Himself upon the altar of the Cross.

This sacrifice, because it was perfect, could be but one, and that once: but because the

needs of the world should last as long as the world itself, it was necessary that there should be a perpetual ministry established, whereby this one sufficient sacrifice should be made eternally effectual to the several new-arising needs of all the world who should desire it, or in any sense be capable of it.

To this end Christ was made a priest for ever: He was initiated or consecrated on the Cross, and there began His priesthood, which was to last till His coming to judgement. It began on earth, but was to last and be officiated in Heaven, where He sits perpetually representing and exhibiting to the Father that great effective sacrifice (which He offered on the Cross) to eternal and never-failing purposes.

As Christ is pleased to represent to His Father that great sacrifice as a means of atonement and expiation for all mankind, and with special purposes and intendment for all the elect, all that serve Him in holiness: so He hath appointed that the same ministry shall be upon earth too, in our manner and according to our proportion; and therefore hath constituted and separated an order of men who, by showing forth the Lord's death by sacramental representation, may pray unto God after the same manner that our Lord and High Priest does, that is, offer to God and represent, in this solemn prayer and Sacrament, Christ as already offered; so sending up a gracious instrument whereby our prayers may for His sake, and in the same manner of intercession, be offered up to God in our behalf,

and for all them for whom we pray, to all those purposes for which Christ died.

As the ministers of the Sacrament do in a sacramental manner present to God the sacrifice of the Cross, by being imitators of Christ's intercession: so the people are sacrificers too in their manner: for besides that, by saying Amen, they join in the act of him that ministers, and make it also their own; so when they eat and drink the consecrated and blessed elements worthily, they receive Christ within them, and therefore they may also offer them to God, while in their sacrifice of obedience and thanksgiving they present themselves to God with Christ whom they have spiritually received, that is, themselves with that which will make them gracious and acceptable. The offering their bodies and souls and services to God, in Him and by Him and with Him, Who is His Father's well beloved, and in Whom He is ever well pleased, cannot but be accepted to all the purposes of blessing, grace and glory. This is the sum of the greatest mystery of our religion.

JEREMY TAYLOR, *Holy Living*.

Come Love! and let us work a song
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lips and heart lift high the noise
Of so just and solemn joys,
Which on His white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord
With a new Lamb blesses the board :
The aged Pascha pleads not years,
But spies Love's dawn, and disappears.
Types yield to truths ; shades shrink away ;
And their Night dies into our Day.

But lest that die too, we are bid
Ever to do what once He did ;
And by a mindful, mystic breath,
That we may live, revive His death ;
With a well-bless'd bread and wine,
Transumed and taught to turn divine.

Lo, the full final Sacrifice
On which all figures fix'd their eyes :
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram :
The manna and the paschal lamb.

Jesu, Master, just and true !
Our food, and faithful Shepherd too !
O by Thyself vouchsafe to keep,
As with Thyself Thou feed'st Thy sheep.

O let that love which thus makes Thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean souls, and set us up
Convictors of Thine Own full cup,
Co-heirs of saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine ; and the same way ;
Nor change the pasture, but the place,
To feed of Thee in Thine Own face.

RICHARD CRASHAW, 1613–1649.

Christendom has always asserted that the Holy Eucharist is both Sacrifice and Communion—a presentation of the Sacrifice and a feeding on the Sacrifice. Therefore, all those lovers of God who long to make an adequate offering to God can come to the Holy Eucharist in sure and certain belief that herein they will find their living Lord Who was dead and is alive again, Who comes among His people according to His Word; that in the Commemorative Sacrifice of the Altar His children may find a sacrifice adequate to the Majesty of God and one with which they can associate themselves, and make it their own act of worship and love.

Hence the supreme place of the Eucharist in the worship of the Church.

For it is a Sacrifice worthy of God, for it is Christ's: it is also our Sacrifice because Christ is ours—our Representative and the Head of that redeemed Humanity which offers the Sacrifice. At last in the Sacrifice of God Himself, made on the Cross and commemorated and perpetuated at the Altar, we possess an offering and an act of worship worthy of God Himself. We have offered the Sacrifice of God to God, and worship has found at last its adequate expression. Personally we have much to learn and far to go: but the Sacrifice in itself is complete. God is adequately worshipped; Humanity-in-Jesus has offered a sufficient Sacrifice; we can only hope and pray that we may join less unworthily in the Commemoration thereof.

Bishop Carey, *The Life in Grace.*

We acknowledge an Eucharistical Sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; a commemorative Sacrifice, or a memorial of the Sacrifice of the Cross; a representative Sacrifice, or a representation of the Passion of Christ before the eyes of His Heavenly Father; an impetrative Sacrifice, or an impetration of the fruit and benefit of His Passion, by way of real prayer; and, lastly, an applicative Sacrifice, or an application of His merits to our souls. Let him that dare go one step further than we do; and say that it is a suppletory Sacrifice, to supply the defects of the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Bishop BRAMHALL.

CORPUS CHRISTI

Come, dear Heart!
The fields are white to harvest: come and see
As in a glass of timeless mystery
Of love, whereby we feed
On God our Bread indeed.
Torn by the sickles, see Him share the smart
Of travailing Creation: maimed, despised,
Yet by His lovers the more dearly prized
Because for us He lays His perfect beauty
down—
Last toll paid by perfection for our loss!
Trace on these fields His everlasting Cross,
And o'er the stricken sheaves the Immortal
Victim's crown.

From far horizons came a Voice that said,
"Lo! from the hand of Death take thou thy
daily bread."
Then I, awakening, saw
A splendour burning in the heart of things:
The flame of living love which lights the law
Of mystic death that works the mystic birth.
I knew the patient passion of the earth,
Maternal, everlasting, whence there springs
The Bread of Angels and the life of man.

Now in each blade
I, blind no longer, see
The glory of God's growth; know it to be
An earnest of the Immemorial Plan.
Yea, I have understood
How all things are one great oblation made:
He on our altars, we on the world's rood.
Even as this corn,
Earth-born,
We are snatched from the sod;
Reaped, ground to grist,
Crushed and tormented in the Mills of God,
And offered at Life's hands, a living Eucharist.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

The peculiar half-light of dawn seemed to be lingering beyond its hour upon these solemn marble walls, and here at that moment in absolute silence, a great company of people assembled. On this morning Marius saw for the first time the wonderful spectacle—wonderful, especially, in its evidential power over himself, over his own thoughts—of those

who believe. Coming thus unexpectedly upon this large assembly, so entirely united, in a silence so profound, for purposes unknown to him, Marius felt for a moment as if he had stumbled by chance upon some great conspiracy. Yet that could scarcely be, for the people here collected might have figured as the earliest pattern of a new world, from the very face of which discontent had passed away. Those young men, bent down so discreetly on the details of the sacred service, had faced life and were glad, by some science, or light of knowledge they had, to which there had certainly been no parallel in the older world. . . . There were the children above all—troops of children—reminding him of those pathetic children's graves he had noticed in his first visit to these places. Children as ready as if they had been at play, stretching forth their hands, crying, chanting in a resonant voice, and with boldly upturned faces, *Christe Eleison!* For the silence, amid those lights of early morning, was broken suddenly by resounding cries of *Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!* repeated alternately again and again, until the bishop, rising from his chair, made a sign that this prayer should cease. . . . The countenances of men, women and children alike had a brightness on them which he fancied was reflected on himself—an amenity, a mystic amiability and unction which found its way most readily of all to the hearts of the children themselves. . . . And the proper action of the rite itself, like a half-opened book to be read by the duly initiated mind, took up those suggestions, and carried them forward into the

present, as having reference to a power still efficacious, still after some mystic sense even now in action among the people there assembled. . . . Certain portions of the bread and wine were taken into the bishop's hands; and thereafter, with an increasing mysticity and effusion, the rite proceeded. Still in a strain of inspired supplication, the antiphonal singing developed, from this point, into a kind of dialogue between the chief minister and the whole assisting company—

Sursum corda!
Habemus ad Dominum.
Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostra!

It might have been thought the business, the duty or service of young men more particularly, as they stood there in long ranks, and in severe and simple vesture of the purest white—a service in which they would seem to be flying for refuge to one, one like themselves who yet claimed their worship.

Adoramus te Christe, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum! they cry together. From the first there had been the sense, an increasing assurance, of one coming: actually with them now, according to the oft-repeated petition, *Dominus vobiscum!* One by one, at last, the faithful approach to receive from the chief minister morsels of the great white wheaten cake, he had taken into his hands—*Perducat vos ad vitam aeternum!* he prays, half silently, as they depart again, after discreet embraces. The Eucharist of those early days was, even

more entirely than at any later or happier time, an act of thanksgiving; and while the remnants of the feast are borne away for the reception of the sick the sustained gladness of the rite reaches its highest point in the singing of a hymn: a hymn like the spontaneous product of two opposed militant companies, contending accordantly together, heightening, accumulating, their witness, provoking one another's worship, in a kind of sacred rivalry.

Ite! Missa est! cried the young deacons: and Marius departed. The natural soul of worship in him had at last been satisfied as never before. He felt as he left that place, that he must hereafter experience often a longing memory, a kind of thirst, for all this over again.

WALTER PATER, *Marius the Epicurean.*

All Hail, Redeemer of mankind!
Thy Life on Calvary resigned,
  Did fully once for all atone:
Thy Blood hath paid our utmost price,
Thine all-sufficient Sacrifice
  Remains eternally alone.

Angels and men might strive in vain,
They could not add the smallest grain
  To augment Thy Death's Atoning Power;
Thy Sacrifice is all complete;
Thy Death Thou never could'st repeat,
  Once offered up to die no more.

Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus Thine Offering show :
Exposed before Thy Father's eyes,
In this tremendous Mystery,—
Present Thee, bleeding on the Tree,
An everlasting Sacrifice.

Father, behold Thy Dying Son ;
Ev'n now He lays our ransom down,
Ev'n now declares our sins forgiven ;
His Flesh is rent, the living Way
Is opened to eternal day,
And lo ! through Him we pass to Heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

It is impossible to separate Christ's offering from Christ. He is not one and His offering another. For the offering which He made and makes is Himself. The offering and Offerer are one. It consists of the entire spirit of reparation. This is the essence of the redemption. And the spirit of reparation, while it can be expressed in an outward experience, is in itself a continuous and abiding state. It is a moral condition. Wherever Christ is, He is full of the spirit of reparation. Nay, Christ is the permanent embodiment of reparation in its perfect state. That is the spirit which dominates Him now in Heaven as much as it did when He was on earth. Christ does not point the Father back to Calvary as an offering completed in the past. The perfect man is

now in the Father's presence, a human being who has passed through death, and who in virtue of that experience is more matured, more qualified than ever He was on earth, for consummating the work of reconciliation. For surely it is true of human nature always, that when it passes transfigured into that higher state, it becomes more capable of spiritual things than ever before. And this universal experience must be true also of the perfect Man. He was matured and ripened, sinless though He was, through the experiences "in the days of His flesh." Our "great High Priest" Who has "passed into the heavens" is now more than ever, if that be possible, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." It is as qualified by earth's experience that He is become, in the fullest sense, our great High Priest. There is in Heaven a "Lamb as it had been slain": One Who has passed through death and beyond it; One Who is the perfect spirit of reparation, now, at this very hour, in the presence of God. . . . Now clearly the character of the Church's devotion on earth is determined by the attitude of our Lord in Heaven. The Church's devotion must correspond with the devotion of Christ. What Christ does there, the Church must do here. If Christ is perpetually absorbed in the redemptive offering, in the spirit of reparation, in propitiation there in Heaven, the Church must be similarly occupied here on earth.

Consider the first Eucharist. Think of the language employed. Christ when He took the chalice said, "This is My Blood of the Covenant." In the modern mind these terms

awake but a languid interest. They sound remote and obsolete. But Christ was not primarily addressing us. He was speaking to Jews. And to the Jew those terms were alive with historical association. They were so many allusions to the worship of Israel, perfectly clear and illuminating to a Jew, conveying very definite conceptions indeed. They would recall the historic scene when Moses completed the union between God and Israel, inaugurated a new offering, and exclaimed, "This is the Blood of the Covenant." Christ's hearers could not fail to understand, in the light of this deliberate historic parallel, that He was effecting a union between God and mankind, a new reconciliation between Heaven and earth, and that this Blood of the Covenant was the offering which that union secured. This Blood of the Covenant was not intended merely to remind themselves; it was a reminder before God. It was no mere dramatic appeal to the imaginations of men; it was a Godward appeal, directed in prayer and offering to the Father.

Let us look at the Eucharist from the side of Christ. He instituted the Eucharist at an hour which might well appear most inappropriate. For it was an hour of strain and suspense, when anything like calm concentration and reflection must have been for the disciples immeasurably more difficult than if the Institution had been far away from Jerusalem, in some quiet corner of the Holy Land. But it is impossible not to see the supreme significance of the hour which was chosen. Christ set the first Eucharist as close

as possible to His death. He was Himself the Celebrant. His mind was full of anticipation. He was dwelling on His Passion. It appears in His conversation, in His acts, in His demeanour, in His prayer, in everything. The time was only an hour or two before Gethsemane. Is it possible to doubt that He was already offering the Blood of the Covenant to the Father in Heaven; that the great Propitiation was begun, that the first Eucharist, with Christ as the visible Celebrant, was part and parcel of the great process by which the world was redeemed; that the spirit of reparation was expressed all through His actions and His utterances? . . .

If Christ is still the true Celebrant, He is present in the spirit of reparation, in the spirit of intercession, in the purpose of perpetual self-offering before the Father which is characteristic of Him in His ascended state. He continues to do in every Eucharist what He did in the earliest Eucharist of all. This is the justification of the well-known hymn which has become endeared by the most sacred devotional experience to multitudes:

And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee,
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Dr. Sparrow Simpson,
Reconciliation.

And not only is the entrance into the Church by a visible sign, but that body is visible also in the appointed means of sustaining the new life, especially that most sacred and sublime mystery of our religion, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the commemorative Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ; in which action and suffering of our great High Priest are represented and offered to God on earth, as they are continually by the same High Priest Himself in Heaven; the Church on earth doing, after its measure, the same thing as its Head in Heaven; Christ in Heaven presenting the Sacrifice, and applying it to its purposed end, properly and gloriously; the Church on earth commemoratively and humbly, yet really and effectually, by praying to God with thanksgiving, in the virtue and merit of that Sacrifice which it thus exhibits.

Bishop PHILPOTTS.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

COWPER.

It is an abuse of the sacerdotal conception if it is supposed that the priesthood exists to celebrate sacrifices and acts of worship in the place of the body of the people or as their substitute. . . . The Church is one body: the free approach to God in the Sonship and Priesthood of Christ belongs to men as members

of "one body," and this one body has different organs through which the functions of its life find expression. . . . The reception, for instance, of Eucharistic grace, the approach to God in Eucharistic sacrifice, are functions of the whole body. "*We* bless the cup of blessing," "*we* break the bread," says St. Paul, speaking for the community: "*we* offer," "*we* present," is the language of the liturgies. But the ministry is the organ—the necessary organ—of these functions. It is the hand which offers and distributes; it is the voice which consecrates and pleads. And the whole body can no more dispense with its services than the natural body can grasp or speak without instrumentality of hand and tongue.

Bishop GORE, *Ministry of the Christian Church.*

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND THE SACRIFICIAL ASPECT OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

The Eucharistic doctrine of the sixth chapter (of St. John) is significantly completed by the teaching of the Crucifixion as a Sacrifice. The Church of to-day teaches emphatically that the Holy Eucharist is also a Sacrifice. Now, with the exception of the phrase: "This is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins" (Matt. xxvi. 28; cf. Mark xiv. 24; Luke xxii. 20), there is no insistence on the sacrificial character of our Blessed Lord's death on the Cross in the Synoptic Gospels. The Epistle

to the Hebrews had insisted on the fact that Jesus was a High Priest. The Beloved Disciple had learned this from his first master, the Baptist, who, when "he saw Jesus coming to him, said: Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world." The liturgical development within the Church which colours so deeply the strong imagery of the Apocalypse is responsible for the Fourth Gospel recalling those otherwise unrecorded testimonies to the sacrificial character of the death—and indeed of the life—of Jesus.

Fr. VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.,
"On the doctrinal witness of the Fourth Gospel." *From a Friar's Cell.*

Lift your eyes of faith and look
On the signs He did ordain!
Thus the Bread of life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was slain,
Thus was shed on Calvary
His last drop of Blood for me!

See the slaughtered sacrifice,
See the altar stained with blood!
Crucified before our eyes,
Faith discerns the dying God,
Dying that our souls might live,
Gasping at His death, Forgive!

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Eucharistic offering of the Church is a recapitulation and summary of the whole Christian religion. As our Brother and our Head, our Redeemer and our High Priest, our Food and our Victim, Christ is here present, and energises in us and for us. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me, and I in him." The Apostle describes all individual Christians and Christian communities of the world as one bread and one body, for the Eucharistic bread, under which the Lord's Body is veiled, makes the many into one body; and thus the Church as the body of the Lord, fed with His substance and joined with Him, is offered to God together with His natural body, and the Eucharistic Sacrifice is the product of this unity of the Head and members, and the means through communion of upholding, nourishing, and strengthening it. . . .

The Christian Sacrifice is at once permanent and single, its unity does not contradict its duration, nor its duration prevent it being ever one and indivisible. The offering of that sacrifice is, indeed, divided into numberless acts, according to the conditions of time and space in our earthly life, but they are brought into unity and held together through the Person of Christ, with Whom and in Whom His ministers do their acts. It is precisely in this multiplicity of the oblation, whereby the One ever-living Victim is offered and the Sacrifice of the Cross constantly applied anew in its effects to the whole body and its individual members, that the perfection and indissoluble power of the sacrifice reveals itself.

To the Christian's retrospective glance the multitude of sacrificial acts on the altars of the Church at once take their place as dependent on that one heavenly offering, which again depends on that of the Cross, as one single celebration of the sacrifice. "For Jesus is entered into Heaven itself now to appear for us before the presence of God." No new immolation takes place, only that once made on Calvary is exhibited to the Christian people in a symbolic act, sensibly representing the separation of body and blood in death. The Cross has grown into a living Tree, ever green and ever fruitful, under whose shadow the Church of all times and all places finds rest.

Dr. DÖLLINGER, *The First Age of Christianity.*

Once, Saviour ! once alone
Upon Thine Altar-Throne,
Dear Calvary's Cross, didst Thou for sinners die ;
But in Thy own Abode
Thou art the Lamb of God,
And blendest earth and Heaven in spousals high.

As victims slain of yore
Beside the open door,
Within the veil by fire Heaven's Gifts became,
Love infinite, Divine,
On Heaven's translucent Shrine
Consumes and yet consumes not, in its flame.

Sweet Lamb of God once slain,
Who always dost remain
The Undying Lamb on Heaven's vast Throne above,
At this most wondrous Feast,
Each Christian soul is priest,
And yields Thyself, the Sacrifice of love.

Lo ! over earth's expanse,
Beneath Heaven's countenance,
A myriad Altars wait the Incarnate Guest,
Who stoops, whilst time and space
Lie in His Arms, embrace,
To be the Inmate of each faithful breast.

Descend, O Lord ! and we
Will supplicate through Thee,
For all we love in earth or spirit-sphere ;
And for Thy costly Sake
We know that God will take
Our feeble prayers, as flowers of love and fear.

And all the sacred throng
Shall join in our glad song ;
Angels, Archangels, Thrones and Hierarchies ;
And she, that Virgin blest,
Who cradled on her breast
The Lord of all and kissed His sleeping Eyes.

With her each Patriarch great,
All souls that conquered hate,
Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, all as one,
Swell high the blissful song,
Which ages vast along
High Heaven shall carol to the Father's Son.

O Holy Ghost, come ! fire
Our hearts and joy inspire,
Worthy His Presence Who descends this morn,
Peace, mortals, song nor speech
Can this great Mystery reach ;
Into a world of sinners God is born.

The Sacrifice of the Cross was once offered ; in the sacrifice of the altar the Christian Church was provided with the noblest form of worship, to be offered day by day. The Sacrifice of the Cross was "dishonoured without public testimony to its dignity and power" ; the sacrifice of the altar was to be the centre of the Church's worship and solemnities, the object of her unceasing veneration. It was to unite the faithful to God and to each other ; it was to teach them how to offer themselves, body and soul, in sacrifice to God in union with the perfect sacrifice of Christ. It was to separate them wholly and utterly from participation in Jewish and heathen sacrifices. This last point is clearly brought out by St. Paul in a way which shows beyond possibility of mistake his belief in the Eucharistic sacrifice. In urging the Corinthians not to partake in heathen sacrifices he reminds them that the Eucharistic bread imparts the Body of Christ, the chalice of benediction His Blood, and he concludes : "Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and the table of devils." The table of devils was, of course, the heathen altar, and partaking of the table of devils means eating of the sacrifices offered to false gods, whom St. Paul

declares to be really demons. The Apostle therefore sets altar against altar, sacrifice against sacrifice, communion against communion.

W. E. Addis, *The Catholic Dictionary*, Art. "Eucharist."

The Holy Sacrifice

Such a sacrifice was not to be forgotten. It was not to be—it could not be—a mere event in the world's history, which was to be done and over, and was to pass away except in its obscure unrecognised effects. If that great deed was what we believe it to be, what we know it is, it must remain present, though past; it must be a standing fact for all times. Our own careful reflection upon it tells us this; and, therefore, when we are told that Thou, O Lord, though Thou hast ascended to glory, hast renewed and perpetuated Thy sacrifice to the end of all things, not only is the news most touching and joyful, as testifying to so tender a Lord and Saviour, but it carries with it the full assent and sympathy of our reason. Though we neither could, nor would have dared, anticipate so wonderful a doctrine, yet we adore its very suitableness to Thy perfections as well as its infinite compassionateness for us, now that we are told of it. Yes, my Lord, though Thou art daily offered up in the Mass; and, though Thou canst not suffer pain and death, Thou dost still subject Thyself to indignity and restraint to carry out to the full Thy mercies towards us, Thou dost humble

Thyself daily, for, being infinite, Thou couldst not end Thy humiliation while they existed for whom Thou didst submit to it. So Thou remainest a Priest for ever.

J. H. Newman, *Meditations.*

O Jesu, Jesu, lifted up on high,
Thou hangest, outcast, between earth and sky,
I feel Thy precious Blood—I thirst for Thee—
"I, lifted up, will draw all souls to Me."

O Jesu, Jesu, lifted up on high,
The earth Thy footstool and Thy throne the sky,
I touch the glorious wounds—I drink of Thee—
"I, lifted up, will draw all souls to Me."

From *The Pilgrim Litanies.*

IV

INTERCESSION

WHATSOEVER ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it.

St. John xiv. 13.

Ask, and it shall be given you. . . . For every one that asketh receiveth.

St. Luke xi. 9.

My son, say thou in every thing: "Lord, if this be pleasing unto Thee, so let it be. Lord, if it be to Thy honour, in Thy Name let this be done." . . . Therefore whatever occurreth to the mind as desirable, must always be desired and prayed for in the fear of God and with humility of heart; and chiefly thou must commit the whole matter to Me with special resignation of thyself, and thou must say, "O Lord, Thou knowest what is the better way, let this or that be done, as Thou shalt please. Give what Thou wilt, and how Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt."

Imitation, XV.

Strive to your utmost to be present as often as possible at this holy Celebration in order that with the priest you may plead the Sacrifice of your Redeemer on behalf of yourself and the whole Church before God the Father. Saint Chrysostom says that the angels crowd round it in adoration, and if we are found together with them, united in one intention, we cannot but be most favourably influenced by such society. Moreover, all the heavenly choirs of the Church triumphant, as well as those of the Church militant, are joined to our dear Lord in this Divine act, so that with Him, in Him and by Him they may win the favour of God the Father, and obtain His mercy for us. How great the blessing to my soul to contribute its share towards the attainment of so gracious a gift!

ST. FRANCES DE SALES, *The Devout Life*, Pt. ii., c. xiv.

Reach downward from Thy hidden throne
And take my hands of prayer,
And hold them, hold them in Thine own
In church and everywhere.
And I will lift them up to Thee
Quite often in the day.
Do Thou each time take hold of me
That I may never stray.

Fr. ROCHE, *A Child's Prayers to Jesus.*

The Altar is the Altar of Intercession. Let us approach the Throne of Grace in the spirit of true fellowship with others. We come too often with only our own needs. Our deadness in devotion at the Eucharist is in part due to our selfishness. Let us bring others with us in spirit and plead their need. Whole classes of workers there are, who can seldom come to the Eucharist. Thousands do not know what it means. Hundreds know but do not care; let us bring these with us. We can have a definite plan of intercession by which we do not come lonely to the Eucharist. We will not leave our intercession unprepared, but as part of our preparation for Communion, we shall know distinctly and definitely whose needs we are to bear in remembrance. And we shall know for certain that such intercession is a real work of fellowship, and has its immediate and sure effect on the lives of those for whom we have pleaded the all-sufficient Sacrifice.

F. W. Drake, *The Way of Fellowship.*

O Lord Jesus Christ,
merciful to all mankind,
look now with eyes of pity
and compassion
upon the scattered multitude
who know not where to find the Bread of Life.
Hear the cry of their hesitating hearts
and the inarticulate pleading of their doubts,
listen to the mute appeal of their hunger,
and likewise pity those who are unconscious of
their need.

O Thou Shepherd of all souls,
bring the ignorant to know Thy fold
and the proud to enter humbly in,
that all may be fed by this Bread from Heaven
which Thy undershepherds,
the Bishops and Priests of Thy Church,
provide daily for our use
and sanctification.
Amen.

Fr. W. Roche, S.J., *Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers.*

Wherefore, O Father, we thy humble servants
Here bring before Thee Christ Thy well-beloved,
All-perfect Offering, Sacrifice immortal,
Spotless Oblation.

See now Thy children, making intercession
Through Him our Saviour, Son of God Incarnate,
For all Thy people, living and departed,
Pleading before Thee.

W. H. H. Jervois.

It is clearly perceived by all Christians who have been taught the faith that their intercessions centre round the Holy Sacrifice. Now, the Christian gravely limits the full value of his privilege as an incorporated member of Christ's body if he allow himself to regard the Eucharistic life of the communicant as confined to the moments which he spends before the

altar at the supreme time of the offering of the oblation. As at that moment of spiritual realisation he knows that the veil is lifted from his eyes, and he sees by faith that which is for ever true, so he should strengthen himself to regard his whole work of intercession and not merely such intercessions as he makes at this time, as united with the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in the courts of Heaven.

As Jesus Christ is truly present upon our altars in order that we may know that He is truly present with us all the days of our life; as He gives Himself to us truly in our sacramental communions in order that He may be with us at all times; as we worship God the Blessed Trinity in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice in order that we may worship Him in all the actions of our daily life; as it has pleased God to present to us in the Church this heavenly gift under the homely veils of bread and wine, at an altar that is also a table, whereon is spread a table cloth, and in the manner of a social meal, in order that we may grasp that all life, in the simplicity of its homely round and social tasks, is cleansed and sanctified for us, and in order that we may call nothing common or unclean which is within the will of God; so also are we to realise that the intercessory character of our Eucharistic worship covers the whole range of our prayers, and is not confined to the special intentions we make in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Our realisation of the power of intercession would be strengthened, and we should be encouraged to perseverance, if we were more often to begin our intercessions by acts

of worship and faith, to intersperse them with special acts of union with the Passion, Death, and Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus Christ, and deliberately to make by intention a union of our intercession with the Blessed Sacrament which at every moment of the day and night is being offered to God.

We ought to know that the will to make intercession is itself a gift of God, and that all prayer is in the heavenlies. We have often said within ourselves that if we prayed more we should make better communions, and that if we prayed more for others God would be more liberal in His gifts to us. We ought also to say that if we asked more boldly of Him in our communions for grace to pray aright, to pray for others, to pray according to the Mind of God, the better should we do these things.

By the grace of our Communions our eyes are enlightened to grasp the unity of the Church as we kneel together before the Blessed Sacrament. We know then that we are one with the whole Church. Space does not divide: time does not separate. The whole Church worships at each altar; each altar is the same altar.

D. JENKS, S.S.M., *Study of Intercession.*

"I was kneeling before a high iron-barred screen, in which was no door . . . opposite me rose up the steps of the high altar . . . a slender

crucifix in black and white and six thin tapers rose above the altar, and high above stood the Tabernacle closed by a white silk curtain, before which flickered a tiny red spark. I said a prayer or two, and then I noticed for the first time a dark outline rising in the centre of the space before the altar. For a moment I was perplexed, and then I saw it was the nun whose hour it was for intercession. Her back was turned to me as she knelt at the faldstool, and her black veil fell in rigid lines on to her shoulders, and mingled with her black serge habit below. There she knelt perfectly motionless praying.

As I knelt there I thought deeply, wondering as to the nun's age, how long she had been professed, when she would die, whether she was happy; and I am afraid thought more of her than of Him Who was so near. Then a kind of anger seized me, as I compared in my mind the life of a happy good woman in the world with that of this poor creature. I pictured the life, as one sees it in homes, of a mother with her children growing up about her, her hands busy with healthy home work, her life glorified by a good man's love; as she grows older, passing from happy stage to happy stage, comforting, helping, sweetening every soul she meets. Was it not for this that woman, and men too, I thought, rebuking myself, were made? Then think of the sour life of the cloister—as loveless and desolate as the walls themselves! . . . How can a soul serve God by forsaking the world which He made and loves? . . . And so, I went on—poor ignorant fool! thinking that the woman

who knelt in front of me was less useful than myself, and that my words and actions and sermons and life did more to advance God's Kingdom than her prayers! And then—then—at the moment when I reached that climax of folly and pride, God was good to me and gave me a little light. . . . I became aware, in my intellect alone, of one or two clear facts. First I became aware suddenly that there ran a vital connection from the Tabernacle to the woman. You may think of it as one of those bands you see in machinery connecting two wheels, so that when either wheel moves the other moves too. Or you may think of it as an electric wire, joining the instrument the telegraph operator uses with the pointer at the other end. At any rate there was this vital band or wire of life.

Now in the Tabernacle I became aware that there was a mighty stirring and movement. Something within it beat like a vast Heart, and the vibrations of each pulse seemed to quiver through all the ground. Or you may picture it as the movement of a clear deep pool when the basin that contains it is jarred —it seemed like the movement of circular ripples crossing and recrossing in swift thrills. Or you may think of it as that faint movement of light and shade that may be seen in the heart of a white-hot furnace. Or, again, you may picture it as sound—as the sound of a high ship-mast with the rigging, in a steady wind: or the sounds of deep woods in June. . . . Now I was aware that there was something of the same activity in the heart of the woman, but I did not know which was the controlling power.

I did not know whether the initiative sprang from the Tabernacle and communicated itself to the nun's will; or whether she, by bending herself upon the Tabernacle, set in motion a huge dormant power. It appeared to me possible that the solution lay in the fact that two wills co-operated, each reacting upon the other. This, in a kind of way, appears to me now true as regards the whole mystery of free-will and prayer and grace.

At any rate the union of these two represented itself to me, as I have said, as forming a kind of engine that radiated an immense light or sound or movement. And then I perceived something else too.

I once fell asleep in one of those fast trains from the north, and did not awake till we had reached the terminus. The last thing I had seen before falling asleep had been the quiet darkening woods and fields through which we were sliding, and it was a shock to awake in the bright humming terminus and to drive through the crowded streets, under the electric glare from lamps and windows. Now I felt something of that sort now. A moment ago I had fancied myself apart from movement and activity in this quiet convent; but I seemed somehow to have stepped into a centre of busy, rushing life. I can scarcely put the sensation more clearly than that. I was aware that the atmosphere was charged with energy; great powers seemed to be astir, and I to be close to the whirling centre of it all. . . . I perceived that this black figure knelt at the centre of reality and force, and with the movements of her lips and will controlled spiritual

destinies for eternity. There ran out from this peaceful chapel lines of spiritual power that lost themselves in the distance, bewildering in their profusion and terrible in the intensity of their hidden fire. Souls leaped up and renewed the conflict as this tense will strove for them. Souls even at that moment leaving the body struggled from death into the spiritual life, and fell panting and saved at the feet of the Redeemer on the other side of death. Others, acquiescent and swooning in sin, woke and snarled at the merciful stab of this poor nun's prayers. . . . And I in my stupid arrogance had thought that my life was more active in God's world than hers. . . . There lay my foolish narrow little life behind me, made up of spiritless prayers and efforts and feeble dealings with souls; and how complacent I had been with it all, how self-centred, how out of the tide of spiritual movement! And meanwhile, for years probably, this nun had toiled behind these walls in the silence of grace, with the hum of the world coming faintly to her ears, and the cries of peoples and nations, and of persons whom the world accounts important, sounding like the voices of children at play in the muddy street outside; and indeed that is all they are, compared to her—children making mud-pies or playing at shop. . . . That is what I believe to have been an intellectual vision. There was no sound or appearance or form, but I can only express what was shown to me to be true, under those images. It almost seems to me as I look back now as if the air in the chapel were full of a murmurous sound and a

luminous mist as the currents of need and grace went to and fro. But I know really that the silence was deep and the air dim."

R. H. Benson, *The Light Invisible.*

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Interceding,
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy Hands and Side,
For all who have lived and erred,
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast Thou been buried!
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest;
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee!

Longfellow, *The Golden Legend.*

It is, then, through the merits and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ that those within the Christian covenant can plead with God and draw nigh unto Him in any kind of prayer; and it is for His sake, Who died for all men, that any prayers of those not received into the covenant come up "for a memorial before God," as did those of Cornelius the centurion. For it is He Who, as the Divine Victim once slain on the Cross, was seen by St. John "in the midst of the Throne" in Heaven, the "Lamb as it had been slain." It is He of Whom it is written: "We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God," Who "ever liveth to make intercession for us" by that presentation of Himself, which shall continue until the end of this dispensation, when the Day of Salvation—this long "Day of Atonement"—having passed, and the whole mystical body of Christ being perfected, our Great High Priest shall come forth from the Holy of Holies; yes, "shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead."

Here, then, is clearly *the focus and the centre of all true prayer*. All converges to that Holy Sacrifice, all centres in Him, Who, Himself the object of our adoring worship, perpetually pleads before the throne the spotless Oblation, the immaculate offering of Himself, Who, in our manhood, taken into God, was "obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

George Seymour Hollings,
S.S.J.E., *Porta Regalis.*

Intercession during the Eucharist

I would not go to my Lord alone,
For He made this world so fair,
And every friend my heart doth own
Is doubly precious there;
There where the light celestial reigns
And the Lord Himself descends;
As I lift my heart to the heavenly strains
I see them all—my friends—
Trembling like motes in the beam of prayer,
Trembling to reach Him, dear ones mine,
Yea, as I gaze on them, all the air
Round about the inviolable Shrine
Lives and throbs in that Heart of Prayer.

Yea, and the world that seems so fair,
The whole dear world in its weary need,
No longer afar, is hovering there,
Will the angels raise it to Christ indeed?
They will in the sovereignty of prayer.

The sick and the tempted I think of then,
And the little ones careless and unconcerned;
Weary women and Christless men;
Those who have fallen, and those who have spurned
The strong right hand of the Son of Man.
Am I not all of them? Each in his need
I seem to be since time began;
For this Blood that is poured *I* made to bleed,
I brake this Body upon the Tree,
And the Lord with Whom I intercede
Is the Lord Who is merciful to me.

Despair of the world ? of the worst despair ?
  Never while here on His Altar-Throne
For an awful moment Himself I see !
Who shares the shame must the Saviour share.
  I will not, I cannot be saved alone
Who myself am saved by Another's prayer.

ANON.

When we come to arrange our subjects of prayer for different days according to some ordered scheme, it will be found a very great help if we choose for each day of the week some one central thought, and group all our prayers round that. For instance, if we choose the Incarnation as our special subject of commemoration on Monday, then Humility would be the special grace for ourselves to pray for, Children and all that concerns family life and all the relation of human love would form the subject of our Intercessions, our Praise would be specially praise of the Incarnate. On Tuesday we might specially celebrate the work of the Holy Spirit. To that day we would naturally assign our intercessions for those about to be confirmed, those who need the special help of the Holy Ghost, those who are bound to any religious fellowship. So Wednesday might suggest the commemoration of the Church, Thursday of the Holy Eucharist, Friday of the Cross, and Saturday of Paradise, and round each day would naturally gather the subject of prayer and intercession most appropriate to each day's commemoration. So many subjects offer themselves for natural division into sevens. There are the Seven

Words from the Cross, the seven Penitential Psalms, the seven Gifts of the Spirit, and the seven clauses from the Lord's Prayer, while the Beatitudes can easily bear compression into a sevenfold division, and all these suggest a weekly scheme of prayer. These are all so many ways of finding a new interest in our prayers, and lifting them out of the rut of the commonplace.

F. W. Drake, *The Way of Fellowship.*

O Hope of all the ends of the earth,
remember Thy whole creation for good,
visit the world in Thy compassion.
O Thou who didst die and rise again,
to be Lord both of the dead and of the living,
live we or die we,
Thou art our Lord;
Lord have pity on living and dead.

O grant to all believers
one heart and one soul.
Thou that walkest amid the golden candlesticks,
remove not our candlestick
out of its place.
O Lord of the harvest
send forth labourers, made sufficient by Thee,
into Thy harvest.
Thou who wouldest that our righteousness
exceed the righteousness of sinners,
grant me, Lord, to love those who love me,
my own friend, and my father's friend,
and my friend's children,
never to forsake,

Thou who wouldest that we overcome
evil with good,
and pray for those who persecute us,
have pity on mine enemies, Lord, as on myself ;
and lead them together with me
to Thy heavenly kingdom.
Arise, and have mercy, O Lord,
on those who are in their last necessity,
for it is time Thou hast mercy on them,
yea the time is come.
For Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast,
How excellent is Thy mercy, O God !
And the children of men shall put their trust
under the shadow of Thy wings.
I commend to Thee, O Lord,
my soul and body, my mind and thoughts,
my prayers and vows, my words and works, my life, and my death.
My brothers and sisters, my friends,
and those who have a claim on me,
my country and all Christendom.
I commend to Thee, O Lord,
my impulses and my startings,
my intentions and attempts,
my going out and my coming in,
my sitting down and rising up,
from this time and for ever.

Bishop ANDREWES, *Devotions.*

V

THE APPROACH

"COME unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

St. Matt. xi. 28.

I am the Lover of purity and the Giver of all holiness, I seek a pure heart, and there is the place of my rest. Make ready for Me a large upper room furnished, and I will keep the Passover at thy house with My disciples. If thou wilt have Me come unto thee, and remain with thee, purge out the old leaven, and make clean the habitation of thy heart. Shut out the whole world, and all the throng of sins, sit thou as it were a sparrow alone upon the house-top, and think over thy transgressions in the bitterness of thy soul. For every one that loveth prepareth before the best and fairest place for his beloved. (When I weigh Thy worthiness, O Lord, and mine own vileness, I exceedingly tremble and am confounded with myself. For if I do not draw near, I flee from life; and if I unworthily intrude myself, I incur Thy displeasure.) Do what lieth in thee, and do it diligently, not for custom, not for necessity; but with fear and reverence and affection, receive the Body of

thy beloved Lord God, when He vouchsafeth to come unto thee. I am He that have called thee, I have commanded it to be done, I will supply what is wanting in thee; come thou and receive Me.

Imitation, iv. 12.

O faithful soul! make ready thy heart for this thy Bridegroom, that He may vouchsafe to come unto thee and dwell with thee. For thus saith He, "If any love Me, he will keep My words, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." Give therefore a place to Christ and deny entrance to others. When thou hast Christ thou art rich and hast enough. He Himself will be thy provider and faithful Steward in all things, so thou need not to trust to men. For men soon change and quickly fall, but Christ abideth for ever.

Imitation, ii. 1.

Let me not seek out of Thee, what I can find only in Thee, O Lord, peace and rest and joy and bliss, which abide only in Thine abiding joy. Lift up my soul above the weary round of harassing thoughts to Thy eternal Presence. Lift up my soul to the pure, bright, serene, radiant atmosphere of Thy Presence, that there I may breathe freely, there repose in Thy Love, there be at rest from myself, and from all things that weary me, and thence return arrayed with Thy Peace, to do and bear what shall please Thee. Amen.

E. B. Pusey.

The Eucharist is not a private prayer of mine
such as I can say at home,
nor the public prayer of pious people;
It is the mystery of our Lord's own supplication,
His perfect prayer of self-oblation,
adoration and thanksgiving
in which I take a part.
It is then more than words and wishes,
more than hymns of praise,
more than *asking* things of God.
It is a giving, an offering, a sacrifice.
Whosoever offers sacrifice, offers self;
the offerer and the victim must
somehow be one.

I am here to give rather than to get,
to fulfil a duty,
to pay a debt,
to render homage,
to satisfy the claims and rights of God,
my Sovereign Lord, Creator, King of Kings.

This I can never do alone,
I am not fit.
But do it I can most perfectly
with Jesus my Saviour,
through Whom are given
to God all glory, worship, honour, thanks,
and to me continued mercy, a Father's love and
guidance,
and with that all best things.
Amen.

Fr. W. Roche, S.J., *Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers.*

The Approach

Love bade me welcome : yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, the ungrateful ? Ah, my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling made reply,
Who made the eyes but I ?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame ?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat :
So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert.

Let us consider that He Whom we seek in this Sacrament is seeking us. It is our duty to make worthy preparation ; but we should not think of the priest and ourselves as the only active parties in this solemn transaction. That is but a small fragment of the truth : and indeed, if that were all, a small truth. But the living Christ loves to come to us, for "His

delights are with the sons of men." More intensely does He desire to bless than we to be blessed. All the attributes of His Nature are on fire with eager desire that we may be transformed into His Image, by participation in His Divine Humanity. If it is the highest honour of our lives that the Lord comes to be our meat and drink, the highest honour we can return Him is to eat of that Bread, and drink of that Cup; that in us He may see of the travail of His Soul and be satisfied. In the secret of His Presence hides the Heart that loves us, the Hand that saves us, the Friendship that fails us not, the Wisdom that guides us, the Guardian that keeps us. And wherefore this consuming zeal of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? He has one crowning motive—the soul which seeks union with God shall not seek it in vain, for He represents the desire of God for union with man, and it is the means whereby that union is effected. We are in Him, and He in us. His Life and ours is a community life—we have all things common. When the forces that flow from Him enter us, the elements of character that are unworthy begin to weaken, and will finally become extinct, for the whole Christ is made over to, and formed within us, the "one thing needful," the antidote for sin the hope of glory. This union is that of the branch and the vine—the branch is in the vine by union with it; the vine is in the branch by imparting its life to it. What munificent provision is thus made for our growth! The Sacrament is as full of what we need to make us such disciples as Mary was, as the ocean is full of water. It was ordained

to convey the richest blessings that Heaven can bestow. It is the garment with which Jesus vests His Sacred Form, and humble souls, when their faith touches It, find virtue come forth from Him. If we honour It, we honour Him, if we depreciate It, or neglect It, we reproach Him. It will bless us according as our hearts are open to It, for while we can do nothing without Him, He will do nothing without us. There was no want of water in Jacob's well at Sychar, but the woman of Samaria could only carry away as much as her water pot would contain. The more we seek, the more we find. The more we make of Him, the more we are made like unto Him.

Bishop McLaren, *The Practice of the Interior Life.*

"To-day I Must Abide at Thy House"

Yet if his majesty, our sovereign Lord,
Should of His own accord
Friendly Himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and com-
mand
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light,
Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,

The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs ?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the King were coming we would do ;
And 'twere good reason too :
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king.
And, after all our travail and our cost
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven :
We wallow in our sin ;
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

ANON., *Christ Church MS.*,
17th Cent.

There needs, moreover, to be a very careful constant preparation for the reception of this Great Mystery, in anticipation of the approach of our Lord, in looking forward to His renewed gifts. If we were to hear a voice telling us that at any moment we might actually be in Heaven, gazing, feeding upon God, in the fullness of a perfected vision, what a startling announcement it would be ! What a gathering up there would be of the whole inner consciousness into that amazing expectancy, everything else that ever before occupied us passing away from the mind ! Yet what is it but the Same Object—without sight, indeed without transference of place—still though

unseen, veiled, yet surely the Same; the same reality of the Divine Presence, the same richness and sweetness of Divine Glory, the same in Himself, though not as yet possibly the same to us. And if so, there is need for all care in preparation, to stay our steps amid the hurried movement of our life on earth, to gain time, however inadequate the effort, to gather up our consciousness, saying within oneself, "I am going to be possessed with that Divine Presence of Him Whom I ceaselessly adore and love. He will arise and come and present Himself before me, and pour Himself upon me as a flood, and through the whole blessed Humanity of my Lord, the whole infinite Godhead of the ineffable Trinity."

Canon CARTER, *The Holy Eucharist.*

A PREPARATORY PRAYER, CONTAINING THE CHIEF ACTS OF DEVOTION PROPER BEFORE COMMUNION.

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of everlasting glory, behold I desire to come to Thee this day, and to receive Thy Body and Blood in this heavenly Sacrament for Thy honour and glory and for the good of my soul. I desire to receive Thee because it is Thy desire and Thou hast so ordained; blessed be Thy Name for ever. I desire to come to Thee like Magdalen, that I may be delivered from all my evils, and embrace Thee my only good. I desire to come to Thee that I may be happily

united to Thee, that I may henceforth abide in Thee and Thou in me; and that nothing in life or death may ever separate me from Thee. Amen.

The Poor Man's Manual, 1848.

Unto Thy holy Altar, Lord,
Our heads and hearts bowed low,
Where Thou art most to be adored,
We come, Thy grace to know.

Wearied and wounded in our strife
With Satan and with sin,
We come to Thee, the Bread of Life,
New strength and Hope to win.

We do not ask how it can be,
That Thou Thyself shouldst give
Into our hands and hearts, but we
Receive Thee there and live.

Oh, dwell within us when we turn
Back on our earthly way;
And may we by Thy Presence learn
To love Thee more each day.

Lyra Eucharistica.

Why do many of us apparently get so little moral and spiritual strength from the Holy Communion? Considering what that Sacrament really is, and Who it is That we meet in it, and the purpose with which He comes, we may wonder that it is, in so many cases, to

all appearance, so unfruitful in spiritual results. Well, my brethren, there may be some other answers to that very important question; but one answer, doubtless, is that we do not sufficiently long for it. Our Lord Himself said of the last Passover at which He met His disciples, "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer"; and every communicant ought to be able to say to our Lord, before each Communion, "With desire have I desired to receive once more this Thy Sacrament before I die." Such desire must grow out of and be prompted by an unaffected sense of our weakness, nay, of our impotence, without the strengthening Presence and aid of our Lord Jesus Christ; but to a soul that has any relish for spiritual things, this desire is not less spontaneous than is the craving for food in a hungry man. Such a desire prompts and guides preparation for Communion; review of conscience, confession of sins, prayers for the dispositions of repentance, faith, hope and love, which befit the approach to this great means of grace. The spirit of this desire is that of the Psalmist in exile on the hills of Bashan, who, as his thoughts wandered to the services in the distant temple, beheld at his feet the wild gazelles tracking the water-courses that furrowed the mountain-sides in search of some spring which might slake their thirst: "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O Lord. My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?"

May our Lord Jesus Christ, of His great Mercy, empty us of all which so satisfies the soul as to make it insensible to His supreme attractions; and then may He fill us with such true love of Himself, that we, loving Him above all things, may obtain His promises, which exceed all that we can desire!

H. P. Liddon, *The Magnificat.*

The Forty-Third Psalm
(The Traditional Prayer of Preparation)

Judge me, O God, and take my part
against the sinful world;
deliver me from all
that is deceitful and perverse.

Thou, O Lord, art my source of strength,
the fortress and stronghold of my soul.

Why then should I be despondent?
why be afraid
though temptations around torment me?

Send forth anew, O Lord, Thy light and Thy truth
that I may trust
Thy Presence and Thy promises.

These have led me safely through infancy and youth,
these have brought me now
to the hill of Thy holy Altar.

Therefore I will draw near with confidence
to this tabernacle of God— to God Himself,
Who gives to the young the joy of life,
and to my heart's own lips the voice of praise.

O my soul, why art thou diffident?
how canst thou be cast down
seeing the Presence and the fidelity of God
Who is here to save and shield you?
Him only then, Him alone will I trust and
praise for ever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to
the Holy Ghost,
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be,
world without end.

Yes, I will go even unto the Altar of God,
unto God the Author of happiness and life;
for my hope and help is the Lord Himself,
Who made the heavens and the earth.
Amen.

Fr. W. Roche, S.J., *Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers.*

In communicating with undoubting faith of the Life-giving Sacrament, I am instructed in a sensible manner of the Omnipresence of Christ. In what manner? Because in every Particle of the Body, and every Drop of the Blood I receive Christ wholly, and thus through my spiritual vision I see that He is at the same time wholly in all the particles and drops, whatever their number may be into infinity. Exactly in the same manner the Lord is wholly

in every temple; and as orthodox temples are to be found upon the whole earth, so the Lord is present upon the whole earth not only through His Godhead, but both in His Body and Soul; everywhere, wholly and indivisibly, communicating Himself to believers, and bringing forth sweet fruits in them; the purifying of sins, the sanctification of Christian souls and bodies, righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost, uniting all to Himself, to the Father and the Holy Ghost. . . . If thus, with such faith, you receive the Holy Mysteries, you will see that they will bring forth in you the deepest peace of your spiritual powers, and you will feel most wonderfully happy and light. The Lord loads us with benefits according to the measure of our faith. . . . The Church is Heaven, the altar is the throne of life, from which God descends in the most pure and holy Mysteries to feed and give life to believers.

Father John Sergieff, *Thoughts and Counsels.*

Adventante Deo

Lift up your heads, gates of my heart, unfold
Your portals to salute the King of kings!
Behold Him come, borne on cherubic wings
Engrained with crimson eyes and grail of gold!
Before His path the thunder-clouds withhold
Their stormy pinions, and the desert sings:
He from His lips divine and forehead flings
Sunlight of peace unfathomed, bliss untold.

O soul, faint soul, disquieted how long !
Lift up thine eyes, for lo ! thy Lord is near,
Lord of all loveliness and strength and song,
The Lord who brings heart-sadness better cheer,
Scattering those midnight dreams that dote on wrong,
Purging with heaven's pure rays love's atmosphere !

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

He will increase your longing after that Heavenly Feast, He will make you more and more members of Him of Whom you partake, more fruitful branches of that Vine Whose richness He pours into you ; richer in faith, stronger in temptation, more victorious against Satan and yourselves. He will carry you on "from strength to strength, until you appear before" Him, the God of gods, and He will remove you from His table here to His glorious Presence in Heaven, from faith to sight, from longing to bliss, from spiritual union to see Him eye to eye, from these broken and occasional refreshments to be for ever with Him your Lord. Only come hither with hearty repentance, with lively faith, with real charity, with thankful remembrance of His Death, with steadfast purpose to amend, and as thou drawest near, and art about to partake of the Heavenly Food, cast thyself wholly upon God. Pray Him to deepen all that He would have in thee, and to take away all that He would not have. Pray Him to increase thy longing, thy sense of need, of thy emptiness and His exceeding fullness, and He will fill

thee, He will give thee all thou needest, He will give thee Himself.

Jesus comes to the souls and bodies of them who long for Him and prepare the narrow mansions of the heart for such a Guest, not "as a stranger and a wayfaring man, that turneth aside to tarry for a night." Jesus abides in the soul, to dwell therein more and more, as it allows itself to be enlarged by Him to receive Him. Prepare your soul, and so receive Him Who is your life; He will dwell in you, and Himself strengthen you; in darkness He will enlighten you for He is Light; in passion, He the All-holy will cool the fever of your blood, or rouse you to take the arms of prayer, at what time the tempter is wont to assault you. He, the Living Coal, which the Seraph touched not with his hands, will be a living fire within you. . . . Each devout Communion will be fresh life and light and fire of love; each will be fresh power to love Him, and to contain His love, yea Himself, eternally.

Dr. Pusey, *Prayers, Penitence and Holy Communion.*

It is a day of fear;
Rise up betimes, go forth alone,
With tongue fast sealed and heart bowed down,
Because thy Lord is near.

Leave not thy thoughts to roam
Hither and thither, where they would;
Lest fretful cares on thee should crowd,
Forgetful of thy Home.

Let not thine eye go free ;
Look on the earth beneath thy feet,
The pit that for thy sins was meet,
Had God been just with thee.

Think on the Holy Feast ;
On His dear Love and gracious Name,
Who sanctifies Himself, the Same
Both Sacrifice and Priest.

Go and be One with Him :
Dwell thou in Him and He in thee ;
Him freely love Who sets thee free,
Though but in shadows dim.

Bless Lord, Thy child, oh bless,
Strengthen my weakness ; soothe my grief ;
Forgive and help mine unbelief ;
Restore my faithlessness.

Lyra Eucharistica.

One by one, with deepest awe and most loving reverence, the faithful approach, and kneel to receive the spiritual Food of the Body and Blood of their Redeemer. Can we speak as we ought of the blessedness of that wondrous mystery ? Are not such seasons the sweetest, the tenderest, the most perfectly restful moments of our life, when having received and then retired from the Altar, we give forth our heart's deepest feelings, to enjoy our treasure in breathless stillness, in the

hushed consciousness of an inward joy which nought on earth can give or take away?

How marvellous! that even Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom could have invented so wonderful a means of bringing Himself down to us, and making Himself One with us! Even as we grow in spirituality, and so come nearer to God, this deep Mystery will never appear less strange to us than it did at first.

Hereafter, when we shall have passed where all is light, and we behold It in the full radiance of the glory of the world to come, we shall only be struck with yet greater amazement as we look upon the Infinite Majesty of Him Who thus accommodated Himself to the lowest of His creatures!

Canon Carter.

My God, who can be inhabited by Thee, except the pure and holy? Sinners may come to Thee, but to whom shouldst Thou come except to the sanctified? My God, I adore Thee as the Holiest; and when Thou didst come upon the earth, Thou didst prepare a holy habitation for Thyself in the most chaste womb of the Blessed Virgin. Thou didst make a dwelling place special for Thyself. She did not receive Thee without first being prepared for Thee, for from that moment that she was at all she was filled with grace. And so she went on increasing in grace and merit year after year, till the time came when Thou didst send down the Archangel to signify to her Thy Presence within her. So

holy must be the dwelling place of the Highest. I adore Thee, O Lord my God, for Thy great holiness.

O my God, holiness becometh Thy House, and yet Thou dost make Thy abode in my breast. My Lord, my Saviour, to me Thou comest hidden under the semblance of earthly things, yet in that very flesh and blood which Thou didst take from Mary. . . . My God, Thou seest me, I cannot see myself. I cannot look at myself and view myself truly and wholly. When I say, "*Domine, non sum dignus,*" "Lord, I am not worthy," Thou Whom I am addressing, alone understandest in their fullness the words which I use. . . . Thou seest most perfectly how little I really feel all I am now saying, yet Thou comest. O my God, left to myself I should perish under the awful splendour and the consuming fire of Thy Majesty. Enable me to bear Thee, lest I have to say with Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

My God, enable me to bear Thee for Thou alone canst. Cleanse my heart and mind from all which is past. Wipe out clean all my recollections of evil. Rid me from all languor, sickliness, irritability, feebleness of soul. Give me a true perception of things unseen, and make me truly, practically and in the details of my life, prefer Thee to anything on earth, and in the future world to the present. Give me courage, a true instinct determining between right and wrong, humility in all things, and a tender longing love of Thee.

J. H. Newman, *Meditations.*

Fount of my life, and all my Good,
For me Thy Table stands prepared,
Yet ere I venture near I would
My heart that preparation shared,
Thou Who dost change the bread and wine,
Change my poor heart and make it Thine.

Ten thousand prayers could not avail
To fit me for the Heavenly Feast;
Without Thy love they faint and fail,
A sacrifice without a priest.
O Love Divine, when will Thou give
My dumb devotions power to live!

Enter, O Love, my heart within;
Look on my thoughts that they may rise;
Show me Thy pain, that I may win
A place in Thy pure Sacrifice;
Take from me all, except the power
To love my Saviour for an hour!

'Tis Thine! Thy Power, Thy Grace, Thy Smile,
Alone can raise me from this clay;
Jesus! no more let self beguile,
Thou art the Life and Thou the Way.
Into Thy Hands myself I give;
With Thee I die, by Thee I live.

Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord;
Thou hast me in Thy keeping sure;
Thy promise is my faithful ward;
In Thee I rest and dwell secure;
O joy to me when night is o'er,
My Lord, my Love, to kneel before!

T. J. H.

Consider, first, that the soul which desires to prepare a fit lodging for Jesus Christ, Whom she is to receive in the Blessed Sacrament, must not only drive out Satan from her, and rid her inward house of the dirt and filth of sin; but must also procure the proper ornaments and furniture of virtue and devotion to deck out herself and her lodging, that it may be agreeable to the great King that comes to visit her.

The devotion which we ought to bring with us to this Blessed Sacrament consists, in the first place, in a most profound humility, and awful reverence for these tremendous mysteries sanctified by the real Presence of Jesus Christ Himself, the Lord of glory and the fountain of all sanctity. As nothing but pure love brings our Lord to us in this Divine Sacrament, so that devotion He principally expects from us, when we approach Him, is a return of love. Whichever way we consider these sacred Mysteries, we shall find that all things here call for our love, and oblige us to consecrate our whole heart with all its affections to this most lovely and loving Lord. His Death and Passion endured for love of us, which we here commemorate, an incomprehensible mystery of love, which will astonish men and angels to all eternity; the wonders He has wrought in this heavenly Sacrament, that He might make Himself our food, and unite us to Himself; the pledge He gives here of our redemption and of our everlasting salvation; all concur to show forth His love for us, and to claim a return of our whole heart.

O my soul, can we see so much love on His

part and not be inflamed with a desire of loving Him with all our power? Can we remain cold when we approach so great a fire? Go then with hunger and thirst, with an ardent desire to this great banquet of love, where thou art to feed upon Thy Lover Himself, and He will not fail thee.

Bishop CHALLONER, *Meditations.*

Tarry no longer; toward thine heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good cheer.
Go each day onward on thy pilgrimage;
Think how short time thou shalt abide here.
Thy place is bigged above the sterres clear,
None earthly palace wrought in so stately wise.
Come on, my friend, my brother most entere!
For thee I offered my blood in sacrifice.

JOHN LYDGATE, 1370–1450.

COME UNTO ME

Oh! for the time gone by when thought of
Christ
Made His yoke easy and His burden light!
When my heart stirred within me at the sight
Of altar spread for awful Eucharist:
When all my hopes His promises sufficed:
When my soul watched for Him, by day, by
night:
When my lamp lightened and my robe was
white,
And all seemed loss except the pearl unpriced.

Yet, since He calls me still with tender call,
Since He remembers Whom I half forgot,
I even will run my race and bear my lot:
For Faith the walls of Jericho cast down,
And Hope to whoso runs holds forth a crown,
And Love is Christ, and Christ is all in all.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Almighty God and most merciful Father, give me, I beseech Thee, that grace that I may daily examine the inmost of my heart, and my most secret thoughts, how I stand before Thee. Lord, I confess all my sins, and my unworthiness to present myself at Thine Altar. But Thou canst forgive sin, and give repentance; do both, gracious Father, and then behold I am clean to come into Thee. Lord, make me a worthy receiver of that for which I come, Christ, and remission of sin in Christ: and that for His own Mercy's sake and Thine. Amen.

WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573–1645.

My Jesu, pierced for love of me,
Thankful enough how can I be?
O blessed Saviour, if I might
Thine everlasting love requite!

In mystick wise Thou dost me feed
With Thy true Flesh and Blood indeed;
Most Highest, yet Thou stoopest low;
What greater boon might God bestow?

I pray Thee, hither come to me ;
Revive me of Thy charity :
For Thee my spirit yearneth sore ;
Would I were worthy of Thee more !

As harts, athirst upon the chace
Speed to the water brooks apace,
So longeth sore mine heart for Thee :
O Jesu, Jesu, haste to me.

I cannot love Thee as I should ;
Yet pardon me, my chiefest Good ;
Fain would I give Thee hand and heart,
For Thee with very life would part.

Nay, had I thousand lives, O Christ,
Each on Thine Altar sacrificed,
Yet meagre should my largess be
Beside Thine ampler love for me.

Paderborn Gesangbuch, 1726,
translated G. R. Woodward.

VI

COMMUNION

If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever: and the Bread that I will give is My Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

St. John vi. 51.

The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life.

The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life.

Whoso eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him.

St. John vi. 54, 56.

In confidence of Thy goodness and great mercy, O Lord, I draw near, sick to the Healer, hungry and thirsty to the Fountain of Life, needy to the King of Heaven, a servant

to his Lord, a creature to his Creator, desolate to my own tender Comforter.

Imitation, iv. 2.

My Beloved is mine, and I am His.

Song of Songs, xi. 16.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life,
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength
Such a Light as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Wine of Love's joy, I see thy lips
Red to the trembling brim,
With Life out-poured, once lifted up,
I drink, remembering Him.

ANON.

Christ took the Bread and brake it,
He was the Word and spake it,
And what that Word does make it,
That I believe and take It.

Attributed to Queen Elizabeth.

O Jesu, Rest upon the road ;
O Jesu, Shadow by the way ;
O Jesu, Who dost light the load
Of tired toilers all the day.

O grateful coolness in the heat ;
O Fount that never knowest fail ;
O pleasant rest for weary feet ;
O Lamb of God, O Holy Grail.

Attributed to A. G. E. W.

"Through this mystery of my new-found life I gradually lose the 'will of self,' the essence of the fallen creature, and gain the will of Christ, the essence of 'the new creation,' and so doing I find, as He said, 'rest to my soul.'"

Anon.

Thou art come, Lord Jesus, into my house,
the house of my soul,
I adore, I worship, I welcome Thee.
Thou art come
as long ago into the house
of Thy friends, the two sisters, at Bethany,
where Martha did try to entertain Thee
and Mary sat in silence at Thy feet.

Thou didst approve the silent one
more than the other.
Therefore for awhile I too will kneel silent
in Thy Presence,
and not obtrude my words on Thee,
nor busy myself with many acts,
nor play the host to Thee as to a stranger.
Rather art Thou the Host and Master
and I Thy guest,
since Thou dost provide the banquet
and the house belongs to Thee.

Fr. W. Roche, S.J., *Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers.*

When you are about to receive, remember this Sacrament is God's seal to the *New Covenant*, in which we receive pardon of sins, grace to resist temptations, and a title to the inheritance of eternal Bliss; yet upon no other condition than that we do also resolve to perform our part of the Christian Covenant promised in Baptism; which resolution can then in no wise be better expressed than by an hearty *Amen* to that excellent form, when the minister gives thee the Sacrament, saying: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, Which was given for thee," &c. And so conclude with praises and thanksgivings in the hymns and devotions after the Sacrament is received. While others are communicating, you may enlarge yourselves upon these subjects, always taking care that your private devotions give place to those that are publick, and that you lay aside your own prayers when the minister

calls on you to join with him in the publick form of prayer.

The Whole Duty of Man, 1767.

Of a truth there is no more loving or tender aspect in which to dwell upon our Saviour than this act, in which He, so to say, deeply humbles Himself, and gives Himself to us as food, in order to fill our souls, and to unite Himself more closely to the heart and flesh of His faithful ones.

St. Francis de Sales, *The Devout Life*, Pt. ii., c. xxi.

Iesu is in my heart; His sacred Name
Is deeply carvèd there; but th'other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was I,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart He was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is IESU.

George Herbert.

Hail to Thee, O Body of Christ,
Hail to Thee, O King of Hosts,
Hail to Thee, O gracious Godhead,
Hail to Thee, O true Manhood.

As Thou wert pleased, O Christ, to come under
the cover of bread,
Thy whole Body heal my soul from every evil
that is upon me now.

Hail to Thee, Blood and Flesh,
Hail to Thee, Food of Grace,
Wash my sins in the Blood of Thy Grace.

Hail to Thee, both God and Man.
Guard me from him that goeth about.
May I receive Thee in the hour of my death,
O Trinity without end, without beginning.

Never let Thy anger be upon me.
Hail to Thee, true Body born of Mary Virgin.
By Thy being pierced, shedding waves of Thy
Blood,
Holy Trinity, grant us Thy Sacraments,
To-day, and at the hour of our death. Amen.

From the Gaelic.

Moreover, although it was at the last supper that He first instituted this Sacrament, and gave It to man to take, yet It included within Itself the whole Christ, God Incarnate. For in this Sacrament He had His true Body and His living Soul and He was very God; and these three we receive in this Sacrament. Where now is the heart that will not glow with burning love, and be stirred and moved to devotion, when it considereth with what exceeding love, He the King of Glory, the Lord of Majesty, was consumed for us vile

creatures, who are but dust and ashes, in whom besides He found nothing but frailty, and sin and want? Yet of such He can say: "My delights are to be with the children of men." Can He lift us higher than by setting up His own Temple within us? Can He love us more than by vouchsafing to become the food of His own creatures? He is the highest and most perfect Good, with which no other good can compare, and which can never fail, and because His fatherly and loving Heart could think of nothing better, nothing higher, He gave us Himself, so as to prove to us His bountiful goodness and the deep love of His Heart. Bountiful altogether is the bestowal when He giveth Himself in this way! For He gave Himself to be our Father, and Brother, and Companion, and Food, and Ransom, and Mediator, and Advocate. Lastly, He will give us Himself for our everlasting Reward and will so satiate us in Him that He will be to us all that we can desire.

JOHN TAULER, *Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord.*

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, looked twice dispirited;
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this
scene?"
"Bravely," said he, "for I of late have been
Much cheered by thoughts of Christ, *the living
Bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

We cannot analyse the mystery. Christ is made present there in His Body and His Blood under the humble forms of bread and wine. While with our eyes we see nothing but the outward gift, by faith we behold heavenly things made present among us. True, in the bread broken and the wine outpoured, separate the one from the other, we see the remembrance of a transaction upon this earth, the sacrifice of Calvary. But if we inquire into the spiritual reality, we know that it is not the dying Christ, but the living Christ—Christ as He is in the heavenly places—Who is here to feed us with His own life under these humble forms. "Christ herein imparteth Himself, even His whole entire Person, to every soul to receive Him." He Who was our example outwardly is now by His Spirit given to be our new and inward life, to dwell continually in our hearts, and to renew us into His likeness, strengthening our weakness and purifying our uncleanness. And in the whole process of the Sacrament we recognise the characteristic work of the Holy Spirit, Who in the consecration brings the presence of Christ,

Who Himself communicates Him to the receiver.

But it is not merely a gift to the individual receiver, it is a sharing together or communion in the Body and Blood of Christ. We share together, not merely with those who are kneeling at the same altar, but with all Christ's people, the living and the dead, the great company which no man can number, in one communion and fellowship.

Bishop Gore, *The Religion of the Church.*

Turn in, my Lord, turn in to me,
  My heart's a homely place;
But Thou canst make corruption flee,
  And fill it with Thy grace:
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling Thou shalt have.

Anon., *Christ Church MS.*, *17th Cent.*

On Frequent Communion

If men of the world ask why you communicate so often, tell them that it is that you may learn to love God; that you may be cleansed from imperfections, set free from trouble, comforted in affliction, strengthened in weakness. Tell them that there are two manner of men that need frequent Communion: those who are perfect, since, being ready, they

were much to blame did they not come to the Source and Fountain of all perfection; and the imperfect, that they may learn how to become perfect: the strong, lest they become weak, and the weak that they may become strong; the sick that they may be healed, and the sound lest they sicken. Tell them that you, weak and imperfect and ailing, need frequently to communicate with your Perfection, your Strength, your Physician. Tell them that those who are but little engaged in worldly affairs should communicate often, because they have leisure; and those who are heavily pressed with business, because they stand so much in need of help; and that he who is hard-worked needs frequent and substantial food. Tell them that you receive the Blessed Sacrament that you may learn to receive it better; one rarely does well what one seldom does.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, *The Devout Life*, Pt. ii., c. xxi.

The fundamental idea embodied in the Holy Communion is that of our perpetual dependence upon the Incarnate Lord for support. The idea is set forth in the discourses of our Lord at Capernaum, just as the fundamental idea of Baptism is set forth in the conversation with Nicodemus. It is not enough that we have once for all been brought into life, eternal life, by Him. Our eternal life is not so made over to us in our regeneration that we become independent centres of it, thenceforth drawing only upon ourselves. We are compelled to

resort for our nutriment to the same source from which our life was originally conveyed to us, namely, Christ. The relationship in which we stand to Him, Christ, compares to the relationship in which He stands to the Father. And as He lives by a perpetual absorbing into Himself of the entire fullness of the Father, so we live by a perpetual absorbing into ourselves of so much of the fullness of the Son as we are capable of receiving. The life of God Himself is beyond our reach and we cannot draw upon it directly; but it is stored for us, as in a boundless reservoir, in the Person of the Son, and the Son has brought it down to us in His Incarnation; and—because we are fallen—has made a way for us to appropriate it still more surely and copiously in His Passion.

Canon MASON, *The Faith of the Gospel.*

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love :
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above !

J. Byrom, 1692–1763.

"I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." So it is, Master, Thou art with us throughout all our days; we are not a single day without Thee, and cannot live without Thy Presence near us ! Thou art with us especially in the Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood. Oh, how truly and essentially art Thou present in the Holy Mysteries ! Through the Sacrament Thou art wholly with us, and Thy Flesh is united to our flesh while Thy Spirit is united to our soul; and we feel this life-giving, most peaceful, most sweet union, we feel that by joining ourselves to Thee in the Holy Eucharist we become one spirit with Thee, as it is said : "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." We become like Thee, good, meek and lowly, as Thou hast said of Thyself : "I am meek and lowly of heart."

Father John Sergieff, *Thoughts and Counsels.*

Father Benson (of Cowley) taught us that the Christian's praise, his recitation of the psalter, is the blossoming of the root which the Holy Communion plants in us. That is a way of expressing the reality of the Divine Office to those who endeavour to recite it with devotion. But one may go further and realise that every true Christian energy is a

blossoming of the Holy Sacrament in those who feed there upon the Divine Nature and the perfect humility of Christ. Let us give you in Father O'Neill an example of the sacrifice of the true Missionary springing from devotion to our Lord in that Blessed Sacrament. We who knew him are aware of something quite unique and indescribable in his character. Nothing else came near a Novice's delight to meet him and be his disciple, or the good it did one to be near him. I have seen what seemed to be miracles in his personal influence on English country labourers in missions. And in later years I found that influence treasured up in the heart of an old Presbyterian military officer, long after the Father's death. This old soldier told me nothing had ever impressed him so much as the Father's character and life in India. And his intimate friends are aware that this rare character and life of sacrifice grew out of his close union with God nourished by a great devotion to our Lord in the Holy Sacrament. His little book of Eucharistic meditations is the key to his heart. In the Holy Mysteries he found the Heart of Christ and learnt there that greatest love of all, which lays down life for its friends. . . . We who were his companions recognised that his daily Communion with God at the Altar was the source of his beautiful and influential life and death. We saw that a life of sacrifice was the natural blossoming of the Sacrament in a character of rarest simplicity and generosity.

Fr. Congreve, *The Interior Life.*

The Living Miracle

Here in a darkened church, in a vacant aisle,
Far from the market cries and the common ken,
A woman kneels and sees from the altar smile
A vision of Love new-born for the needs of men.

Effortless, lo, at a word, from realms divine
Enters the God—and there, in visible Bread,
Stands to be taken: there, a bodily sign,
Gives Himself as food to the lips unfed.

Starved she takes, and straightway in spirit is filled—
Lifted and crowned, communion holds with saints:
Glory about her, joy in her pathway spilled,
Heaven stands open, under her feet earth faints.

Back to her garret she goes with Heavenly spoil—
Shapes, for a pittance—nay, for a love unpriced!—
Seam by seam, through vigilant hours of toil,
Raiment for those who turn their backs on Christ.

You, who mock at her faith, what gift have you
Like to this which she bears in her heart all day?
Have you one miracle left that your hand can do,
Mighty in mercy as this—till you raise her pay?

Here, in a darkened church, in a vacant aisle,
Far from the market cries and the common ken,
The woman kneels, and sees from the altar smile
A vision of Love new-born for the needs of men.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *The Heart of Peace, and Other Poems*, 1918.

The glorious Mass of Easter Day began. "Immolatus est Christus," cried St. Paul from the south corner of the altar. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast."

"Quis revolvet nobis lapidem?" wailed the women. "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" "And when they looked," cried the triumphant Evangelist, "they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great."

So from step to step the liturgy moved on with sonorous and exultant tramp, and the crowding thoughts forgot themselves and watched as the splendid heralds went by; the proclamation of the names and titles of the Prince had been made. "Unum Dominum Jesum Christum; Filium Dei Unigenitum; Ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula; Deum de Deo; Lumen de Lumine; Deum Verum de Deo Vero; Genitum non factum; Consubstantialem Patri."

Then His first achievement had been declared: "Per quem omnia facta sunt."

Then His great and later triumphs; how He had ridden out alone from the Palace and come down from the steep of Heaven in quest of His love; how He had disguised Himself for her sake, and by the crowning miracle of love, the mightiest work that Almighty God has ever wrought, He was made Man; and the herald hushed his voice in awe as he declared it, and the people threw themselves prostrate in honour of this high and lowly Prince; then was recounted the tale of those victories that looked so bitterly like failures and the people held their breath and whispered it too; then in rising step after step His last conquests were told; how the Black Knight was overthrown, and his castle stormed and his prison burst; and the story of the triumph of the return and of the Coronation and the Enthronement at the Father's Right Hand on high.

The heralds passed on; and mysterious figures came next, bearing Melchisedech gifts, shadowing the tremendous event that follows on behind.

After a space or two came the first lines of the body-guard, the heavenly creatures dimly seen moving through clouds of glory. Angels, Dominations, Powers, Virtues, Heavens and blessed Seraphin, all crying out together to Heaven and earth to welcome Him Who comes after in the bright shadow of the Name of the Lord; and the trumpets peal out for the last time "Hosannah in the highest."

Then a hush fell, and presently in the stillness came riding the great personages who

stand in Heaven about the Throne; first the Queen Mother herself, glorious within and without, moving in clothing of wrought gold, high above all others; then the great Princes of the Blood Royal, who are admitted to drink of the King's own Cup, and sit beside Him on their thrones, Peter and Paul and the rest, with rugged faces and scarred hands, and with them great mitred figures, Linus, Cletus and Clement with their companions.

And then another space and a tingling silence; the crowds bow down like corn before the wind, the far-off trumpets are silent; and He comes, He comes.

On He moves, treading under foot the laws He has made, yet borne up by them as on the Sea of Galilee; He Who inhabits eternity at an instant is made present; He Who transcends space is immanent in material kind; He Who never leaves the Father's Side rests on His white linen carpet, held yet unconfined, in the midst of the little gold things and the embroidery and candle flames and lilies, while the fragrance of the herbs rises about Him. There rests the gracious King, before this bending group, the rest of the pageant dies into silence and nothingness outside the radiant circle of His Presence. There is His immediate priest-herald, who has marked out this halting place for the Prince, bowing before Him, striving by gestures to interpret and fulfil the silence that words must always leave empty; here behind are the adoring human hearts, each looking with closed eyes into the Face of the Fairest of the children of men, each crying

silently words of adoration, welcome and utter love. The moments pass ; the court ceremonies are performed. The virgins that follow the Lamb, Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, and the rest step forward smiling and take their part ; the Eternal Father is invoked once more in the Son's own words ; and at length the King, descending yet one step further of infinite humility, flings back the last vesture of His outward Royalty and casts Himself in a passion of haste and desire into the still and invisible depths of these quivering hearts, made in His own Image, that lift themselves in an agony of love to meet Him. . . .

Meanwhile the Easter morning is deepening outside ; the sun is rising above the yew hedge, and the dew flashes drop by drop into a diamond and vanishes, the thrush is pouring out his song, and the larks are running to and fro in the long meadow grass. The tall lilies that have not been chosen to grace the Presence-Chamber, are at least in the King's own garden, where He walks morning and evening in the cool of the day, waiting for those who will have seen Him face to face. . . .

R. H. Benson.

"I am not worthy that Thou should'st come under my roof."

Thy God was making hast into thy roofe,
Thy humble faith, and feare keepes Him aloofe ;
Hee'l be thy Guest, because He may not be,
Hee'l come—into thy house ? no, into thee.

Richard Crashaw, 1613–1649.

Our Communions will be like pillars standing in fair order, from whose chapiters by right fastenings and links a curtain is held up from each to each, and never drops between. That curtain, duly woven of several colours and of fine linen, is the habit of prayer throughout the day, which being supported by the hours of Sacramental worship and Communion makes a tabernacle of all the life, a tabernacle of God, not made with hands, in which He will be pleased to dwell Who is our Peace.

P. N. Waggett, *The Holy Eucharist.*

Haste, my soul, thou sister sweetest,
  Deck thee, ere the Bridegroom come;
Sweep the house in manner meetest,
  In thine heart prepare Him room;
Soon shalt thou receive a Guest
Gentlest, meekest, bravest, best;
Soon to thee there shall be given
Christ, the very Bread of Heaven.

In His presence, passing measure,
  There is joy and charity;
And His friendship bringeth pleasure;
  Altogether lovely He:
At thine house He fain would stay
Break His journey there to-day,
Sit and rest beneath thy gable,
Eat and drink with thee at table.

Wherefore rise, and run to meet Him,
Ere before the door He stand ;
Soul, make ready for to greet Him,
Purify thee, heart and hand :
Holding, see thou hold Him fast :
Let Him not depart in haste ;
Wrestle, lose the day, yet bind Him,
Blessing till He leave behind Him.

ANON., 15*th Cent.* From *Songs of Syon.*

What shall He give us, I ask, Who hath nothing left at all ; no, not the least thing, however little, on which He can lean His head ; Who hath no roof, no possession, no inheritance, no garments ? All, all hath been taken away. Nevertheless let us go up to the mountain of myrrh, and with the mourning turtle, let us fly up to the palm tree of the Cross, and see if we can find any fruit. Of a truth we shall find enough, and more than enough if our earnestness in searching fail not. He hath still a tongue to utter words of comfort, words of salvation and instruction. And if that is not enough for us with which the thief was content, let us go up a little higher. For He hath still His Heart left whole ; with that He will pray the Father for us. He hath still consciousness, devotion, grace and love. He will give us to drink of that wine which He gave to His beloved disciple, who lay upon His Breast. And if that does not satisfy us, see ! He will gladly suffer His Side to be transfixed, and His

Heart to be pierced and opened, and in the love of His burning Heart, He will give us His Blood to drink—sweet draught indeed and pleasant exceedingly, for it is the draught of the Love of God. Lastly, He will give us even His Holy Soul, full of grace and merits, and adorned with all virtue. What more can we ask of our sweet God and Lord? Behold He giveth all that He hath and all that He is; all that He can give. Then let us too give Him all our whole selves in return.

JOHN TAULER, *Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord.*

THE CONTRAST

Can it be true, Lord God,
That You with blazing glory hemmed around
Wait like a slave upon a sound,
A bell, a muttered word?
The priest before the altar stands,
He moves his lips, his cold accustomed hands,
And, straightway, rising from Your seat,
With punctual, prompt, obedient Feet
You come to the half-faithful few
Who languidly have summoned You?
Can it be true, my Lord?
Such discipline and courtesy,
Such glad alacrity,
Such loving servitude in You the free—
And all this mutiny in me!

II. God will come Home

God will come home to His saints,
Come to them one by one
As down to puddle and pool and blot
Comes home the infinite sun.

III. A Garden Enclosed

On chalk soil the poppies
On clay lands the rose,
In my heart a secret flower
Only God knows.

Anna Bunston de Bary.

Our love must begin at the Altar. How often those who come frequently to Communion persuade themselves that they are privileged to indulge a special misunderstanding or private animosity. The faults of others are so patent, so irritating, so aggressive that we can hardly be expected to overcome every single dislike. But there can be no reserve. As we leave the Altar we must look at the Christ in each of our fellow-communicants. That Christ-life is what they seek. That Christ-life is what God sees and regards in them. You must know that, with all their defects, that Communion Grace is the fact of paramount importance and determining influence in their lives. If the Eucharist means what it should do to you yourself, if you yourself know it to be the guiding, controlling purifying power in your own life, you will

look to see the Christ-life in all other communicants too.

You will know that they have the new gift which they sought like you at the Altar. If only we communicants can realise amongst ourselves in this simple way the life of love, effective indeed will be our daily witness before the world to the transforming power of the Eucharist as the Fount of Love, and men will know that we are Christ's disciples because we love one another.

F. W. Drake, *The Life of Fellowship.*

To the Blessed Sacrament

When Thee (O holy sacrificèd Lambe)
In severed sygnes I whyte and liquide see,
As on thy Body slayne I thynke on Thee,
Which pale by shedding of Thy Bloode became.

And when agayne I doe behold the same
Vaylèd in whyte to be received of mee,
Thou seemest in Thy syndon wrapt to bee
Lyke to a corse, whose monument I am.

Buryed in me, unto my sowle appeare,
Pryson'd in earth, and bannisht from Thy syght,
Lyke our forefathers who in lymbo were,
Cleere Thou my thoughtes, as Thou did'st gyve them light,
And as Thou others freed from purgyng fyre
Quenche in my hart the flames of bad desyre.

Henry Constable, 1562–1613 (?).

Having said the sacred words: "Lord, I am not worthy," do not make any further movement whatever, either in prayer or otherwise, but remaining in stillness, in the fullness of faith, hope, and love, receive Him in Whom, by Whom and through Whom you believe, hope and love. Bethink you that just as the bee, having gathered Heaven's dew and earth's sweetest juices from amid the flowers, carries it to her hive; so the priest, having taken our Saviour, God's own Son, Who came down from Heaven, the Son of Mary, Who sprang up as earth's choicest flower, from the Altar, feeds you with that Bread of sweetness and of all delight. When you have received it, kindle your heart to adore the King of our salvation, tell Him of all your own personal matters, and realise that He is within you, seeking your best happiness. In short, give Him the very best reception you possibly can, and act so that in all you do it may be evident that God is with you. When you cannot have the blessing of actual Communion, at least communicate spiritually, uniting yourself by ardent desire to the Life-giving Body of your Saviour.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, *The Devout Life*, Pt. ii. c. xxi.

AFTER COMMUNION

Why should I call Thee Lord, Who art my God?
Why should I call Thee Friend, Who art my Love?

Or King, Who art my Spouse above ?
Or call Thy Sceptre on my heart Thy rod ?
Lo, now Thy banner over me is love,
All Heaven flies open to me at Thy nod :
For Thou hast lit Thy flame in me a clod,
Made me a nest for dwelling of Thy Dove.
What wilt Thou call me in our home above,
Who now hast called me friend ? how will it be
When Thou for good wine settest forth the best ?
Now Thou dost bid me come and sup with Thee,
Now Thou dost make me lean upon Thy breast :
How will it be with me in time of love ?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

John the Baptist was the only one of all the multitudes gathered on the banks of the Jordan who, when he saw Jesus coming to him, knew Him to be "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Much the same happens to-day ; for few realise the presence of our Lord in the world, fewer still in the Blessed Sacrament. He only reveals Himself to those who love Him, and have prepared for His coming, as John the Baptist had. The Blessed Sacrament is a continual coming of Jesus Christ. To the multitudes He is unknown. Many even of those who fill our churches and gather round our altars are not conscious of His presence. But the words of the Baptist are as true to-day as when he uttered them of old. Jesus Christ is still the

One in our midst Whom the many know not. Yet the voice of the forerunner of Jesus is still heard at our altars, bidding us look to Him, his words still bearing witness to His presence in our midst, "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." "He seeth Jesus coming to him," is what in a good Communion should be the testimony of all communicants.

Lo, before the altar kneeling,
Through the silence gently stealing
He will come with hands outstretched,
Bringing Food so sweetly blessed
That each heart leaps at the meeting
In an ecstasy of greeting.

GERARD SAMPSON, C.R., *The Mystery of Faith.*

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the Eternal Grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the Heavenly Table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another Arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy Might, Thy Might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is
My Wisdom, and my Teacher, both in One ;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood ;
Here is my Robe, my Refuge, and my Peace ;
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;
Thou, O my Christ, art Buckler, Sword and Spear.

But see ! the Pillar-Cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night ;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of Light.

Feast after Feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above ;
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal Joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of Bliss and Love.

Dr. Bonar.

O Lord, I am not worthy, I am not fit,
that Thou shouldest come
under the roof of my soul;
for it is all desolate and ruined;
Nor hast Thou in me fitting place to
lay Thy head.
But as Thou didst vouchsafe
to lie in the cavern and manger of brute cattle,
as Thou didst not disdain
to be entertained in the house of Simon the leper,
as Thou didst not disdain
that woman, like me, who was a sinner
coming to Thee and touching Thee;
nor the thief upon the cross confessing Thee;
So me, too, the ruined,
the wretched and excessive sinner,
deign to receive to the touch and partaking
of the immaculate, supernatural, life-giving,
and saving mysteries
of Thy all-holy Body and Thy precious Blood.
Listen, O Lord our God,
from Thy holy habitation,
and from the glorious throne of Thy kingdom,
and come to sanctify us.
O Thou Who sittest on high with the Father,
and art present with us here invisibly;
come Thou to sanctify the gifts which lie before
Thee,
and those in whose behalf, and by whom,
and the things for which,
they are brought near to Thee.
And grant to us communion, unto faith
without shame, love without dissimulation,
fulfilment of Thy commandments, alacrity for
every spiritual fruit, hindrance to all adversity,
healing of soul and body;

That we, too, with all Saints,
who have been well-pleasing to Thee from the beginning,
may become partakers
of Thy incorrupt and everlasting goods,
which Thou hast prepared, O Lord, for them that love Thee;
in whom Thou art glorified for ever and ever.
Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, take away the sin of me, the utter sinner.

Bishop ANDREWES' *Devotions.*

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead.

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

REGINALD HEBER.

VII

THANKSGIVING

I FOUND Him Whom my soul loveth, I held Him and would not let Him go.

Song of Songs.

Surely in the sight of Thee, and of Thy holy Angels, my whole heart ought to burn and weep for joy. For in this Sacrament I have Thee truly present, though hidden under another shape. Him do I really possess and adore, Whom the Angels adore in Heaven: I however for the present and for a while by faith; but they by sight and without a veil.

Imitation, iv. 11.

I asked for Thee
And Thou didst come,
To take me home
Within Thy Heart to be.

DOLBEN.

ACT OF FAITH

Blessed art Thou wonder worker of creation's mystery,
Blessed art Thou in its development in the Incarnation,
Blessed art Thou in the Sacrament of the Altar.
O Lord I believe in Thee.

O Holy and merciful One, the Burden-bearer
of our sins,
O Thou the Sin Victim by Whose stripes we
are healed,
Blessed Jesus, Whose precious Blood cleanses
us from all sin,
I rest on Thy Merits and in Thy
Love.

All glory be to Thee, Jesus Christ, reigning at
God's right Hand,
All glory be to Thee, ever abiding in Thy
Church,
All glory be to Thee, dwelling in the hearts and
wills of Thy people.
With heart and mind and will I
adore Thee.

Bishop GRAFTON of Fond du Lac.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus Christ.
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I worship Thee, I
give thanks to Thee for Thy great Glory.

I adore Thee in the lowliness of Thy coming,
in the beauty of Thy holiness, in the power of
Thy Presence.

I bow down before Thee in the might of Thy
all-conquering Majesty.

Lord of lords and King of kings, ruling over
the hosts of Heaven, reigning in love over the
nations of the earth, revealing Thyself in Thy
Incarnate Glory to the hearts of the faithful.

Worthy art Thou to receive riches and power and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing. Amen.

The Double Marvel of Christ and the Christian

I have not always loved Thy feast,
I confess it to my shame,
I held aloof from dingy priest
And dowdy bearers of Thy Name.

I, a beggar wretch, a thing
Too famine-sick to eat with zest
The supper of my Host, the King,
Quarrelled with each fellow guest.

Then said the King, "Give thanks to Me,
These are they I long have wooed,
At last I am allowed to be
Nearer to them than their food."

Now which to wonder at the most,
The burning generosity,
The self-abasement of my Host,
Or my own brutish blasphemy ? "

Anna Bunston de Bary.

After the solemnity is done, let Christ dwell in your hearts by faith and love, and obedience, and conformity to His life and death: as you have taken Christ into you, so put Christ on you, and conform every faculty of your soul and body to His holy image and perfection.

Remember that now Christ is all one with you; and therefore when you are to do an action, consider how Christ did or would do the like, and do you imitate His example, and transcribe His copy, and understand all His commandments, and choose all that He propounded, and desire His promises, and fear His threatenings, and marry His loves and hatreds, and contract His friendships: for then you do every day communicate; especially when Christ thus dwells in you, and you in Christ, growing up towards a "perfect man in Christ Jesus."

Do not instantly upon your return from Church return also to the world, and secular thoughts and employments; but let the remaining parts of that day be like a post-communion, or an after-office, entertaining your blessed Lord with all the caresses and sweetnesses of love and colloquies, and intercourses of duty and affection, acquainting Him with all your needs, and revealing to Him all your secrets, and opening all your infirmities: and as the affairs of your person or employment call you off, so retire again with often ejaculations and acts of entertainment to your beloved Guest.

JEREMY TAYLOR, *Holy Living.*

Jesus, Son of Mary, Son of God,
I praise Thee,
I bless Thee,
I adore Thee,

I give Thee thanks,
For all Thou hast done,
For all Thou hast given,
For all that Thou art.
Thou alone art God and Man,
Thou alone art Most High,
Who, with the Holy Ghost,
Livest and reignest for ever
In the Glory of God the Father.
Amen.

Fr. Roche, *A Child's Prayers to Jesus.*

But after having received your Lord, since ye possess His very Person within you, endeavour to shut the eyes of your body and open those of the soul and look into your heart; for I tell you—and again I tell it you and would often tell you—that if ye practise this custom every time ye communicate, procuring to keep such a good conscience that ye may be admitted frequently to enjoying this good, He comes not so disguised but that, as I said, He makes Himself known by many ways, according to the desire we have of seeing him; and that ye may so extremely desire Him that He may entirely discover Himself to you.

St. Teresa.

A Great Mystery

Strangely, strangely, Lord, this morning
Camest Thou beneath my roof,
Shorn of all Thy royal adorning,
Stripped of judgement and reproof,
The King of kings, yet gladly scorning,
Every plea but love's behoof.

"Can this be God?" I said, "Who enters,
This be God Who climbs my stair?
God sits high in heavenly centres,
And though He hath us in His care,
'Tis as His adopted children,
Slaves redeemed from Satan's snare,
God is mightier than the mountains,
Far more majesty would wear,
This One comes like summer fountains,
Hath no snow upon His hair.
With eagle pinions God will cover
Those who seek for refuge there,
But these are dove-like wings that hover,
God was never half so fair."
Then with voice like falling water
Viewless angels sang to me,
Fear not thou, O virgin daughter,
Thy King desires thy poverty.

At that "Ave Maria"
I arose and I obeyed;
O my King Cophetua,
I, Thy blessèd beggar-maid,
Who once lay among the potsherds,
Stand in silver plumes arrayed;
I, who lonely in the vineyards
Morn and noon and evening strayed,
Now am wrapt in Thine embraces,
'Neath Thy banner "Love" am laid,
Made partaker of Thy graces,
I, the outcast beggar-maid.
No excuse and no invention
Makes me less unworthy Thee,
No prostration, no pretension
Of unique humility,
But Thy glorious condescension

Blazes through my misery,
And Thy love finds full extension
In the nothingness of me.
Dark my soul, yet Thou hast sought her,
My night allows Thy day to shine,
Thou the grape art, I the water—
Both together make the wine.
I the clay and Thou the craftsman,
I the boat and Thou the strand,
I the pencil, Thou the draughtsman,
I the harp and Thou the hand.

But the world with envy raging
Fain would snatch me, Lord, from Thee,
And Death and Hell their war are waging,
Therefore go not far from me.
By the mystery of this housel,
By this momentary truth,
By the love of this espousal,
By this kindness of my youth,
By Thy promise of remembrance,
By that sweet perversity
That makes my dark uncomely semblance
Seem desirable to Thee—
Leave me not lest faith should falter,
O ! secure my fealty,
I the victim on Thine Altar,
Thou the fire consuming me.

ANNA BUNSTON DE BARY.

Our joy and our glory now is, that this Life in its powers and possible fullness of expansion is truly enshrined within us; that God of His own Almighty, life-giving, creative energy,

is increasing its actual results more and more, as the carrying out of His sure Promise; that the good work which He hath begun, He will complete in His own day, even to the full measure of the stature of Christ.

It is most important, lest we fall far short of this promise, that each time we receive we should endeavour to keep at heart the greatness of that which passes into us, the profound mystery of which every time we are the subjects. What practically may be the result of the ever-renewed reception, we cannot measure by any present apprehension. But the mystery in which we participate on every occasion, is surely nothing less than a very death and a very resurrection. Every time we offer the Blessed Sacrifice, "we show the Lord's Death till He come." We commemorate, and really represent before the Father and before the world, the great truth of His having passed through death into His fullness of living glory, in putting off the bonds and trammels of His earthly state, and assuming one purely spiritual and heavenly.

If we become one with our Lord in this mystery, we, too, in very real, though mysterious fellowship, share with Him this His death and His resurrection.

It is our profoundest joy to believe that in each reception our Lord, in His whole Life, becomes ours, in a supernal mystery. His Sacred Heart with all its powers, whether of action or of endurance, of energy or of contemplation, of love or of peace, all enters within

us, because He Himself enters within us. He has passed within us, and He is there as Lord of our life.

He is acting, moving, breathing in us, for He has taken up His abode in us, and worketh in us. He gives forth His life within us as we are capable of receiving.

This hidden Presence, therefore, must surely characterize our lives; we must bear about us signs of this indwelling God.

Canon T. T. Carter.

To know Him not as angels do above,
They know and sing the wonders of His love
To fallen, ruined, sinful, guilty man,
But I would know as angels never can.

To know Him in His depth of love to me,
The poorest, weakest, vilest, though I be,
His lost one whom He came to seek and save,
His loved one for whose life Himself He gave.

To know Him as the All in All to me,
All mine for time, all for Eternity,
And in each gift of Providence to trace
Himself in all His loveliness and grace.

Father Stanton.

As the soul must prepare herself to go to receive Jesus Christ by proper devotion before Communion, so she must also take care to entertain Him in a proper manner after she

has received Him; and to make good use of the favourable time—most happy to her above all times, if well employed—during which she has Him really present with her, both in His Divine and Human Nature; that is, both God and Man. It would be a gross affront if after being favoured with a visit from the King of Heaven, desiring to feast Himself with us, and bringing all His treasures with Him to enrich our soul, we should immediately turn our back on Him, and take no further notice of Him. The meanest of our friends would have reason to resent so contemptuous a usage; how much more so great a Lord! See, my soul, if the little care thou hast taken to manage to the best advantage those happy minutes in which thou hast Jesus Christ with thee, by a proper devotion after Communion, be not the true cause why thou hast reaped so little fruit from thy repeated Communions, which otherwise might have long since made thee a saint. O repent and amend.

Consider secondly, what this devotion is with which we are to entertain our Lord after receiving Him. First we are to welcome Him by faith, hope and love; by a lively faith in all His mysteries, but in particular that we have really with us in this blessed Sacrament, Him, Who is our Maker and our Redeemer, Infinite in Majesty, and Infinite in Mercy, and Who brings with Him all the treasures of Heaven to enrich us—by a firm hope that He will now, by the blood of the Covenant, take full possession of our souls, and make them His, both for time and eternity—by an ardent

love, aspiring with all our power and affection to an eternal union with our Beloved Whom we here receive, "I have found Him Whom my soul loveth, I will hold Him fast and will never let Him go." In the next place we ought to cast ourselves down at His feet, and pay Him the best homage and adoration we are capable of, bringing all the powers of our soul before Him, and obliging them all to bow down and worship Him. But as all this ought to be accompanied with a lively sense of our unworthiness and sins, we must also take this opportunity of making humble confession, like Magdalene, of all our treasons at His feet, craving mercy for what is past, and the grace of a change of heart and life for the time to come.

Consider thirdly that after these homages the soul must for some time following her Communion keep close to our Lord, and give space for His Grace to penetrate more and more into her interior, and to bring forth there its proper fruit. For this end she must entertain Him with praise and thanksgiving, inviting all heaven and earth to join with her in His praises, and wishing she had the hearts and tongues of all His creatures that she might employ them all in loving and glorifying Him, in return for all the wonders of His love and goodness to her. She must remember that she is now before the throne of grace and that the Lord, Whom she has with her, carries about with Him all the treasures of Divine Grace, and therefore she must lay before Him all her wants and spiritual necessities.

Take care also to be more than ordinarily recollected on the whole day following thy Communion, and to keep a great guard upon thyself, lest the enemy—who knows what a treasure thou hast received and is therefore most busy about thee on this occasion, in hope of robbing thee of it—should fling some stumbling block in thy way, to make thee fall into sin, that so by that means he may drive Christ away from thee, and get possession of thy soul.

Bishop CHALLONER, *Meditations.*

A BASQUE PEASANT RETURNING FROM CHURCH

Oh, little lark, you need not fly
To seek your Master in the sky;
  He's near our native sod.
Why should you sing aloft, apart?
Sing to the heaven of my heart;
  In me, in me, in me, is God.

Oh, travellers passing in your car,
You pity me who came from far
  On dusty feet, roughshod;
You cannot guess, you cannot know
Upon what wings of joy *I* go,
  Who travel home with God.

Ships bring from far their curious fare,
Earth's richest morsels are your share,
  And prize of gun and rod.
At richest board I take my seat,
Have dainties angels may not eat;
  In me, in me, in me, is God.

Oh, little lark, sing loud and long
To Him Who gave you flight and song,
And me a heart aflame.
He loveth them of low degree,
And He hath magnifièd me;
And holy, holy, holy is His Name.

ANNA BUNSTON DE BARY.

And how wondrous it is to go out from the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, out into the world of accustomed duty and recurrent temptation, in something of the spirit of the Blessed Virgin herself, when she sang her song of songs! The mystic sound and odour has given place to those of common day, yet the Divine spell remains unbroken. I hold in my heart the same Blessed Babe Whom Mary nurtured in the manger. I know that if I devote myself wholly to Him, the days of Bethlehem will come again, the days of the Son of Man, days of personal intercourse, of miraculous deliverance, days when the troubled sea is calmed, and the eyes of the blind are opened, when the leper is cleansed and the palsied leap for joy, when the dead obey the Voice of the Son of God and live. Yea, I know that my Redeemer liveth, not afar off, not as a long-expected Deliverer, but a present Guest. And all He did in the days of His sojourn, He comes to perform on *me!* There is not a disease or an evil which He dispelled which is not an emblem of my sinful condition; it is *I* who am blind and lame and impotent and leprous and possessed—around me the

tempest rages and Hell makes wide her mouth. To *me* Thou comest and will ever come, O my adorable Jesus, "to wash my foulness, to heal my sickness, to enlighten my darkness, to clothe my nakedness, to restore my soul, to lead me in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake. Even so come, Lord Jesus, Thou Thyself, Thy Body and Blood, Thy soul and Divinity, and grant me so to venerate the sacred Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood that I may ever perceive within myself the fruits of Thy Redemption."

T. J. HARDY, *The Vision of the Catholic Church.*

They risk after Holy Communion, who think that, when their thanksgiving is finished, and they have been dismissed with the Blessing, their duties are ended, and return to their homes to be the same as before, forgetting or not cherishing carefully "what great things God hath done for them"; Who hath come to them; with Whom, if they were found worthy, they were made one, and He with them Whom they bear about them; who watch not over themselves, lest they defile by any taint of sin what God has hallowed: who, having been strengthened, waste the talent they have received and are content to walk as feebly and irresolutely as before; who, having been with their Lord, seek not to remain with Him, but enter with as much eagerness as before into the distractions of things of sense. We have been brought near, and our only safety is to remain

very nigh Him, under His very Shadow yet drawing nigher and nigher unto Him. Our only fear should be, lest we "draw nigh unto Him with our lips, while our hearts are far from Him," lest we be near in bodily presence but afar in spirit, our bodies in His Court, our hearts in the world; our bodies touching the Holy Elements of His Body and Blood, our souls aliens from His Life, His Virtue, and the might of His Sacraments.

Dr. PUSEY, *Prayer, Penitence and Holy Communion.*

It is finished and done,
so far as in our power,
Christ our God,
the mystery of Thy dispensation.
For we have held remembrance of Thy death,
we have seen the figure of Thy resurrection,
we have been filled with Thy endless life,
we have enjoyed Thy uncloying dainties,
which graciously vouchsafe to us all
in the world to come.
Lord, the good God,
pardon every soul,
that purifieth his heart to seek God
the Lord God of his fathers,
though he be not cleansed
according to the purification of the sanctuary.

Bishop ANDREWES' *Devotions.*

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices
Glad in His coming Who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done and shall not we adore Him?
This shall He do and can we still despair?
Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care.

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanks-
giving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then thro' all life and what is after living
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro'
sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

F. W. H. MYERS, *St. Paul.*

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